DECEMBER 1963 TWO SHILLINGS

WORLD SOCCER

Group of Brazilians: left to right: Djalma Santos, Zito, Team Manager Feola, Pele and a trainer.

Alfredo Di Stefano

Argentinian born, naturalised Spaniard Alfredo Di Stefano had a dramatic experience in Venezuela this year when terrorists held him for ransom. He was released unharmed later.

David Herd (Manchester United) scoring against Leicester City in the Cup Final, with Denis Law on the left and City goalkeeper Gordon Banks grounded.

Frantisek Knebort (left) and Josef Masopust (Dukla Prague) with U.S.A. tournament trophy.

England's future

(Eric Batty—see page 18)

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THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE

World Soccer

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JACK ROLLIN
Editorial & Advertisement Director ROBERT J. BOLLE

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This month's front cover . . .

This month **WORLD SOCCER** deviates from the normal action-styled front cover to bring you a group of the world's most outstanding footballers, all of whom have been in the news recently.

what to look for in next month's edition

In the January edition of WORLD SOCCER, a special section will be devoted to the planning for the 1966 World Cup to be held in England, the latest position on the respective competitions in Europe and South America as well as a complete round-up of events concerning the world game. Together with features, player portraits, news and views, pictures and the contributions from our regular panel of correspondents, this is yet another edition which devout soccer enthusiasts should not miss. Order your copy now.

DECEMBER WORLD SOCCER 1963
VOL. 4 No. 3

OLD FRIENDS COME AND GO

INTERNATIONAL POST-MORTEM

Each month on these pages we go back over the major internationals played since the last issue. The particular games featured are indicated at the head of the article for quick reference.

by GORDON JEFFERY

INTERNATIONAL POST-MORTEM

October
6 *Yugoslavia 2, Hungary 0*
6 *Denmark 2, Sweden 2*
9 *Turkey 0, Rumania 0*
12 *Wales 0, England 4*
12 *N. Ireland 2, Scotland 1*
13 *U.S.S.R. 2 Italy 0* E.N.C.
13 *Rep. Ireland 3, Austria 2* E.N.C.
(Rep. of Ireland qualify)
16 *Greece 3, Poland 1*
20 *E. Germany 1, Hungary 2* E.N.C.
20 *Netherlands 1, Belgium 1*
23 *ENGLAND 2, FIFA WORLD XI 1*
26 *France 3 Bulgaria 1* E.N.C.
(France qualify)
27 *Hungary 2, Austria 1*
30 *Albania 1, Denmark 0* E.N.C.
(Denmark qualify)
30 *N. Ireland 0, Spain 1* E.N.C.
(Spain qualify)
30 *Netherlands 1, Luxembourg 2* E.N.C.
(Luxembourg qualify)

A BUSY month of, on the one hand, European Nations Cup matches and, on the other, of various friendly matches including several regional "annuals"—plus, of course, the Football Association's Centenary match between England and the Rest of the World. There is a link between the two groups and the showpiece match and, I think, a more positive one than many critics would allow.

There is indeed, so far as the regional matches are concerned, a strong body of opinion that in continuing with the British Home Championship, England and Scotland are still living in the atmosphere of 1863 rather than that of 1963; that if they want to get ahead they should jettison their fixtures with Wales and Northern Ireland and even, to be wholly dedicated to the task of seeking foreign experience, those between themselves. Whatever merit there may be in some part of the argument the suggestion that England are behaving like sentimental old fogeys in this respect, that they are out of step with the rest of Europe, is well wide of the mark as this month's batch of matches gently indicates.

England it is true have been playing against Wales since 1879, and Scotland against Ireland since 1884, but amongst the other matches played this month were the 57th Full International between Denmark and Sweden who have been meeting regularly since 1913; the 102nd meeting in a Full International between the Netherlands and Belgium (twice yearly since 1905); and the 89th Full International since 1902 between Austria and Hungary! Nor is it the case that there is a vastly greater disparity in match results as between England and Scotland and their junior sparring partners, and as between, for example, Hungary and Austria with, since the war in particular, the Hungarians enjoying something like seventy per cent success over the Austrians.

Many readers will have seen, I expect, the Hungary–Austria match shown on Eurovision and, either on television or in person, have also seen the England–Rest of the World Centenary match. The two matches emphasise for me the simple fact that even at international level football is a many-sided game. England's experience in playing against the F.I.F.A. selection would have well-equipped their players for a match against Hungary (as revealed by their style of play against Austria), but it would have been of much less value were England due next to play against Austria who, at the moment, seem to select their players on the basis of their physique more than their football ability!

This year's bout of annual fixtures resulted largely in accordance with expectation—that might be one of their defects but one that is always liable to be nullified by results as Northern Ireland's odd goal in three victory over the Scots at Windsor Park. For both countries, as for England and

International Post-Mortem by GORDON JEFFERY

Wales in their same day meeting in Cardiff, it was their first International match since the close season. Scotland then had ended a hitherto disappointing foreign tour, in which they had lost to both Norway and the Republic of Ireland, by a most heartening 6-2 victory over Spain in Madrid. That was in June: now in October against Northern Ireland they included only four of the players who had helped to humiliate Spain—Ian Ure at centre-half, and Willie Henderson, David Gibson and Ian St. John of the forwards. Not all the changes were forced upon the selectors—Bill Brown, who returned to goal in place of Adam Blacklaw, had been with Spurs and not Scotland during the close season tours; Alex Hamilton had stepped down for the Spain match to give Billy McNeill an "out of position" run at right-back and now resumed his established place. Eric Caldow's unfortunate injury against England in April deprived Scotland of the services of their captain and their most experienced player. His place at left-back was taken for their next four matches, ending with the one against Spain, by Davie Holt of Hearts but against Northern Ireland a first cap was awarded to yet another Scottish "Davie"—the young player, Provan, who had taken Caldow's place in Rangers' team and was now picked to do so in Scotland's.

Against Spain the half-back line had read McLintock, Ure and Baxter; against Ireland it was Crerand, Ure and Mackay. Dave Mackay, unlike his club-mates Bill Brown and John White, had toured with his national rather than his club team in the close season but had been hampered by injury and played in only a part of the first of Scotland's tour matches. He had done enough against England in Scotland's great victory however to justify his return. The displacement, granting Mackay his place, of Baxter by Crerand was a surprise to all save those who have long given up being surprised by Scottish selectors' decisions! And, of course, pointing the difference in judgement, Baxter was next selected to play for the Rest of the World against England!

So, too, was another absentee from the Scottish side against Northern Ireland—Denis Law. In his case, however, it was injury that kept him out and, when all else is said and written, it was the absence of Law that, more than anything else, defeated Scotland. In his place David Gibson, the Leicester player, moved from inside-right to inside-left and John White came back at inside-right. Willie Henderson and Ian St. John were in their accustomed places and Sunderland's George Mulhall was at outside-left instead of the injured Davie Wilson. A forward line without Law and Wilson was bereft of a "striker" and the playing of White and Gibson a mistake—indeed the other "uncapped" Gibson, Ian of Middlesbrough, would have been a much better substitute for the missing Law.

Absentee

Nonetheless Ireland were overdue for a win in the British Home Championship—their first since April 1959 when they beat Wales. They have, on the other hand, twice beaten Poland and once Greece since then—and drawn with Spain in Bilbao in the first leg of their European Nations Cup tie. The odd goal in three win over Scotland promptly encouraged hopes that Northern Ireland might emulate their southern neighbours by reaching the quarter-final stage of the Nations Cup. It was not to be—not, I suppose, from the moment that Spain were to succeed, where so many countries have failed, in persuading their Italian clubs to release Del Sol and Suarez for national service.

Not that everyone seemed conscious of what this meant in terms of the strength of the Spanish side! The top players may come to Wembley to play in the Centenary match: the back pages of the dailies have

● Continued on page 5

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INTERNATIONAL POST-MORTEM

● *Continued from page 3*

their periodic inquests as to why England have not won (sometimes it is said will not win) the World Cup: the loose, careless writing about the game outside of Britain continues. Thus on the eve of the Ireland–Spain match I read that Ireland "did, after all, draw the first leg 1-1 at Bilbao last May, when Spain had a *more experienced team* on parade". The italics of course are mine. The most experienced, in terms of international appearances, player in the Spanish side at Bilbao was Enrique Collar who was making his sixteenth appearance. He, it is true, was missing at Belfast but in his place, and captaining the Spanish side, was Francisco Gento making his thirty-fourth appearance! The only other player at Bilbao whose appearances had reached double figures was right-back Rivilla (Feliciano Munoz) and he stayed to play in Belfast. And, also at Belfast and making nonsense of the statement I have quoted, there were Del Sol and Suarez. It was fitting that it was the trio of Del Sol, Suarez and Gento who carved out the sole goal of the match.

Courage

Ireland with their inevitable "scratch" eleven of F.L. club reserve players, out-of-position players and locals, played with the courage and determination we now expect from them. Their defenders did well to limit the Spaniards to a single goal but up-front the bustle of Wilson, the inspired play of Billy Bingham (you need nothing less than inspiration to bridge the gap between the Third Division and the Nations Cup), and the skill of Johnny Crossan was not quite enough. Now our hopes rest with the Republic of Ireland in the Nations Cup. Like Northern Ireland, the Republic had drawn their away leg—against Austria in Vienna but, unlike them, they were able to win the home leg, against much weaker opposition than Spain let it be said!

Nothing seems to go well for Austria these days. Last year they began with a defeat in Cairo, came to England and lost 3-1, went across to Dublin and beat the Republic of Ireland by the odd goal in five and then, in May 1962, beat Bulgaria 2-0. But that was their last victory for almost a twelve-month as they lost, during the remaining months of 1962, twice to Hungary, and to Italy and Czechoslovakia and drew with Bulgaria. Now, in 1963, after beating a weak Czech side in Vienna, they have lost to Scotland, Italy, the Republic of Ireland and Hungary and drawn with the Republic of Ireland. And, a fair indication of their disarray, in 1962 they called upon no less than thirty-seven different players and to date in 1963 they have called on twenty-five. Thirty-four-year-old Karl Koller and Erich Hasenkopf of the "old guard" seem to maintain more or less permanent residence at left-half and left-back, but for the rest it is largely a matter of permutation. Youngsters like Hasil, against Hungary, and Jank and Koleznik (a common name amongst Austrian national players but this is a newcomer) against the Republic of Ireland, appear on the scene, but others, as Paul Halla against Hungary, reappear after seemingly to have departed from the international scene.

A liar

Hungary by comparison are systematically rebuilding and remoulding their team without losing the matches that matter—unless they make a liar of me by losing their home return leg against East Germany! Ilku had a couple of matches in goal but Grosic's old spot seems now to be firmly held by Szentmihaly. Sarosi is the first choice at back with his partner varying between Matrai, Sovari and Ihasz. The former, an ever-present in Chile and throughout last year, has lately fallen a little from grace and missed the Nations Cup in Berlin when Ihasz (whose last appearance was as a right-wing substitute!) was at right-back. Then Sarosi's injury brought Matrai back against Austria with the versatile (maybe another word for genuine footballer) Ihasz moving to left-back. Meszoly carries on his long sequence of appearances at centre-back but the Sipos–Solymosi half-back partnership has ended. Sipos, after setting up a Hungarian record for a sequence of national appearances, has missed the last five matches and Solymosi the first three of them. The new pairing was Nagy and Nogrady but Solymosi was brought back for the Nations Cup match against East Germany and, against Austria, showed that he and Nagy have quickly developed a firm understanding.

On the wings, on the other hand, it is still Sandor and Fenyvesi, and generally Albert at centre-forward—Machos, another of Hungary's seemingly limitless pool of skilled utility forwards, had one outing at centre-forward (against Czechoslovakia in June)—but neither Gorocs nor Tichy can at the moment command places at inside-forward. Both have been found guilty of using the wrong tactics when playing against Yugoslavia at the beginning of the month and Rakosi, the ever-ready, ever-reliable substitute and the scorer of Hungary's last minute winning goal against East Germany, and young Bene have been given their chances at inside-right and left.

EUROPEAN CUP
2nd Round Draw

Benfica v. Borussia Dortmund; Spartak Plovdiv v. PSV Eindhoven; Zurich v. Galatasaray; Gornik Zabrze v. Dukla Prague; Dynamo Bucharest v. Real Madrid; Jeunesse Esch v. Partizan Belgrade; Inter Milan v. Monaco; Milan v. Norrkoping.

EUROPEAN CUP WINNERS' CUP
2nd Round Draw

Lyon v. Olympiakos; Tottenham Hotspur v. Manchester United; Motor Zwickau v. M.T.K.; Fenerbahce v. Linfield; Barcelona v. Hamburg SV; Celtic v. Dynamo Zagreb; Slovan Bratislava v. Borough United; Sporting Lisbon v. Apoel.

The above draws incorporate matches which may well have been played by now. For a full list of results in Round One games in both these competitions and the Inter-Cities Fairs Cup, please refer to Gordon Jeffery's European Commentary on page 13 and subsequent late results on page 38.

ALL RESULTS

For line-ups of matches dealt with in the International Post-Mortem, please turn to page 38 and the Classified Results section which details such items together with some international league tables and miscellaneous results.

HIGH STEPPERS IN PARIS ACTION

European Nations Cup match, second leg in Paris and France beat Bulgaria 3-1. Robert Herbin (centre dark shirt) kicks out as Bulgarian centre-half Ivan Dimitrov flicks the ball away. Partly visible is Georges Lech (left background) who replaced Raymond Kopa. (Planet.)

Leslie Page surveys the events of the month on the English front

POINTERS FOR WORLD CUP PROGRESSION

AS the cold winds of winter began to blow across the land there was at least a warming thought or two for those concerning themselves with the fortunes of the England national side, a combination so often blasted and thoroughly condemned in the very recent past. The truth has often been that England lacked moral and vocal support during their outings in utter contrast to the representative teams fielded by the Scots, Irish and Welsh. As it is, on this particular score, the rampaging Irish have done enough in the last few months to justify more than an existence and their successes are weighed against the difficulties of selecting eleven players from a limited number who can be made available by their clubs on any given date.

The very vexed problem of club or country taxes the top minds in the business and Mr. Joe Mears, so recently elected as Chairman of the Football Association, has already given his mind to a proposal to extend the season so that the congestion of League and Cup fixtures cannot become a reason for clubs asking permission to retain players for important club fixtures, thus robbing representative sides of men previously selected. Extensions to the season have been muted before and with last season's programme coming to a conclusion at the end of May there are many who feel a permanent elongation would best serve soccer in England.

An extension is certainly the answer *if* the present League set-up is retained and a greater integration with European soccer is sought. Clubs participating in European competitions have a right to expect some short period of respite before and after such encounters whereas every team cannot be blessed with the good fortune of Spurs when they fought their way to victory in the Cup Winners' Cup.

Spurs players did not suffer a great number of injuries but very often a few extra days for men to recover from strains and muscle ailments could be very precious indeed. However, Mr. Mears' concern is mainly for the preparation and training of England teams which have so often been bedevilled in the past by lack of time and opportunity. Even this season the England side to meet Wales did not foregather until the Thursday prior to the game and it is now generally accepted that a longer period of "getting to know you" is a prerequisite of continued success.

Alf Ramsey has implemented his proposals to form a "pool" of players ready, willing and able to serve the national cause and in the case of the game against the F.I.F.A. Rest of the World side, went so far as to announce an England "shadow" team. He is obviously intent on making progress into the full national team something more than the "catch-as-catch-can" operation which it has so often looked previously. Fancied men are obviously graded in Ramsey's mind and the many hundreds of miles he travels to check on performances himself is probably a rather better method of operation than sifting several opinions on one player and possibly putting the matter to the vote.

History

The type of team England needs is now fairly well established and it only remains to be seen whether the superior skills normally exhibited by the South Americans and the Continentals on national duty can be matched by native-born players. Whatever history makes of the match between England and the F.I.F.A. team, there can be little doubt of the extremely high quality of play in almost perfect conditions. All kinds of arguments can be put forward to lessen the worth of England's win and it is certain that we must not, mistakenly, exaggerate the occasion. The game undoubtedly wore a festival look, the F.I.F.A. combination employed sixteen men, much to the annoyance of the British Press before the match, but adjudged to be of little significance afterward and, additionally, it was argued, the individual skills of the many brilliant world stars were given insufficient pre-match time to ever expect a harmonious blending in the true sense.

Whilst all these points are acceptable, up to a point, it might be said that combination of any kind at all illustrated the proper value of soccer instinct and might form the future basis of a paper on the subject of team work versus brilliant individualism. Whatever the answer, it was obvious from the standing ovation given to both teams as they left the field how much the spectators appreciated the value of the football placed before them.

For such a stable nation the English are a notably unpredictable bunch when it comes to sporting occasions and whilst their faith in a selected club side can be unflagging this quality has not always transferred itself to support of those playing for the national teams. For a few days following the Wembley match the air was thick with the voices of those unable to believe that England had performed so well and as the statistics were put before their eyes, they suddenly came to realise England had started to mount a small but significant series of victories dating from the time Mr. Ramsey took up his full-time duties.

Doubtless, Ramsey will continue to look for support in the direction of the fans in the same way as Walter Winterbottom before him. Winterbottom was raised to the heights when England were on a winning trail and kicked very hard just as soon as England lost a match or so. Perhaps we can look forward to a period of stabilisation wherein Ramsey will be allowed to juggle with the team in the time left to him before the World Cup in 1966.

There should be no misunderstanding on one score. With the finals of the competition played in this country on the next occasion, the chance of fighting up the international soccer ladder will never be greater and the Football Association realise this situation only too well. If the England team should stumble to early defeat, soccer in Britain would suffer a very considerable blow. This is not to suggest that at the moment it is necessary for any critic to stick his neck out and forecast the probabilities for 1966, it is merely an assessment of what is likely to happen to football in these islands if the national showing drops below a certain level in the most important competition the game has ever known.

Reflection

Soccer played with bite, enthusiasm and wit would go a long way towards blotting out all those years when the organisations from the United Kingdom could not see eye to eye, or come to terms with, the international body. Those days are long since past and, on reflection, there was something to be said for the attitude that was adopted in the years before the Second World War. For all of this, internationally, British sides lost touch with the rapidly changing pattern of the game and in these circumstances much of today's approach is out of date.

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Arsenal's amateur goalkeeper Bob Wilson clears from the attentions of Sheffield United leader Doc Pace (striped shirt). Both clubs have been well in the championship hunt this season. (Prov. 1.)

a number of our major club sides should now spark off the desire for success and forward thinking on an international scale. Mr. Mears' proposals might not be ideal in many respects, but at least here is a genuine move towards the right road. One might well consider that the soccer season is already too long and last season's extension did nothing towards convincing us that it should be longer still. Whereas last season there was a very long break in actual playing time, Mr. Mears has in mind continuous soccer from the end of August to the end of May.

Other considerations come into the issue. Whilst it might be practical for other nations to engage in soccer all the year round, the social revolution tells us that saturation point can be reached. But the desire to extend in order to help the national plan is more than worthy. This always presupposes that the League set-up in England remains as it is at present. At a time of internal soccer revolution a great many things still need investigation. The Football Association will obviously wish to operate in an atmosphere of compromise, on the other hand they must pay attention to the lower members of the Football League who are continually saying they do not know how they can carry on.

Less successful members of the Third and Fourth Divisions hardly break even at the moment and those riding the crest of a wave have only to drop a few points and support tumbles away. Travel costs a great deal and, as I have pointed out before, clashes between teams set far apart in the lower sections do not raise a lot of enthusiasm. It is all very well to say the hard core continue to bring their support but, unfortunately, in this strongly competitive world limited support, however enthusiastic, is not enough to keep a club going.

There will always be room for football at every level. And whilst it is simple to say clubs must have by this time established a pattern which would enable the expert to sectionalise them, this takes no account of tradition and prestige.

Possibly it needs a much more ruthless nature than the majority of us possess to achieve the objectives which many people see clearly before them. Big time international soccer whether on a club or country basis, will provide the greatest possible interest in the years to come with the exception of the roaring encounters between the established senior clubs and those few others which might join them as time goes by. Certainly the financial return from games of this type are not to be sniffed at and painful as it sometimes is—money talks.

With the coming of the autumn rains and heavy grounds the English League could start to take on a new look with the more experienced sides holding down less proficient rivals. Sheffield United, who cannot have been on many people's list of possible League Champions, have justified local hopes with a most successful opening run and, in the main, the team is made up of blooded players well able to stand up to the rough and tumble of top-of-the-table life. Last May's Wembley victory continued to inspire the Busby men from Old Trafford with Denis Law and Bobby Charlton in sparkling form. Liverpool always impressed with their all round solidarity and Spurs, despite early season prognostications, were by no means a spent force. Arsenal began to take on something of a new look, although some team building was still necessary and Everton, with their confidence shaken by the quick dismissal from the European Cup, could not quite recapture last season's glories.

But Division One was remarkably tight in the upper reaches and set fair for a great boiling-up of interest by the time the half-way mark came around. Birmingham, Bolton and Ipswich could find little to cheer them, in fact, as the Ipswich team began to break up with Ray Crawford moving to Wolves, the East Anglians appeared to be very much in the doldrums, in strange contrast to their spectacular successes of two seasons ago. Somewhat as expected Leeds and Sunderland pressed the young Swindon side hard in Division Two, Preston North End enjoyed a long awaited revival and Charlton Athletic took on a new look with Eddie Firmani, at long last, back in their attack, Coventry looked determined to find new pastures outside Division Three, although a couple of false moves can quickly alter a situation. Freddie Cox held a tight grip on his Gillingham men in Division Four, heaved a sigh of relief as fortune smiled for a while and wanted nothing more than that success should continue.

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PLAYER PORTRAIT

DJALMA SANTOS

HE MAY BE THE LAST CLASSIC BACK

by JORGE RIVERA

SINCE the end of the last war, the patterns of football have changed; the game is faster, the emphasis on team-work. Where once, full-backs could reach the top—even in the international arena — without speed and power, now they are the first essentials for above all, tight man-for-man marking calls for superiority in mobility, and a back who can be left standing by a fleet-footed winger will not earn many caps.

For this reason it is rare indeed to find a classical full-back today, for positional sense is no longer necessary. Now it's the wingers who take up position, with their immediate opponents simply placing themselves three yards away to goal, ready to pounce or turn and sprint—and all this makes the career of Brazil's Djalma Santos all the more remarkable. For more than a decade Santos has stood alone, almost unchallenged in the Brazilian national team, and since he first came into the international spotlight during the 1954 World Cup he's figured in all the nominations for a World XI.

Born in provincial Sao Paulo on February 27, 1929, Djalma dos Santos was 19 when he made his début for Portuguesa de Desportos. At first he was a full-back, but realising the young coloured boy possessed an unusual degree of ability the club soon moved him up to wing-half, and from then on, while most of his international appearances were made at right-back, he was more often than not at right-half in league football.

By 1952, Djalma Santos was playing for Brazil, helping to win the Pan American championship, and two years later he was one of the big stars in the World Cup side beaten in the quarter final by Hungary in what has often been described the battle of Berne.

In domestic football, Portuguesa were piling up the honours, and Santos, one of the key men in the side, won Sao Paulo championship medals, four times in six seasons between 1952 and 1957—steadily adding to his international appearances, and today his 85 caps stand as an all time record for Brazil.

In 1958, Santos was firmly entrenched as the world's number one right-back, but although he started and finished in the World Cup side of that year, he had a poor match in the opening joust with Austria and was left out for several games. Sao Paulo's Nilton De Sordi occupied the right-back berth into the semi-final with France, and only on the morning of the Final did the Brazilians decide to bring back Djalma Santos.

This last minute change was no doubt due to the impressive performances put on by Sweden's Nacka Skoglund, a round shouldered ball-juggler playing before his own fans for the first time in ten years and delightedly demoralising the defences of Mexico, Russia and Germany.

Superb service

For the big occasion, Santos like all the great players, was magnificent. Blotting out Skoglund, he continuously stormed upfield once Brazil had got on top—dribbling his way past the Swedish winger, and giving Garrincha such superb service that the Brazilian outside-right had a field day.

In Chile last year Santos was still there for Brazil, slightly behind his partner Nilton Santos on caps, but giving nothing away in skill. With the eclipse of Didi and the injury to Pelé, the Brazilians depended to a great extent on their defence and one of their few real successes was Djalma Santos. Unhurried and cool under pressure Santos was superb, and though more than a year later when F.I.F.A. named their team to meet England in the Wembley Centenary match, the Brazilian had lost the edge off his speed, he gained such tremendous prestige helping Brazil retain the World Cup that his selection was almost automatic.

At Wembley it was clear that at 34, Santos was past his best, and Charlton in possession had him in trouble several times, through sheer speed. On the ball however, he showed all his old confidence, distributing his passes to perfection, and still eager to dribble his way out of trouble.

Accorded every honour in the game, the Brazilian's career is liberally sprinkled with great performances on memorable occasions, but perhaps the game he will remember longest isn't shown in the record books. Transferred to Palmeiras in 1959 Santos joined up with two old World Cup colleagues returned from Europe—Vava the flying centre-forward of 1958 and Julinho, a speedy Matthews-like winger from the 1954 side. Between them this trio pushed S.E. Palmeiras to the forefront of Sao Paulo football in 1961 and in the league-deciding match against Santos F.C., Djalma was switched to cover the menace of Pelé, at that time the league's top scorer with 61 goals that season!

Santos allowed Pelé one goal that day, but prevented him dominating midfield and still had time to spare late in the game to set up the winning goal for Vava after a forty-yard solo run.

At wing-half Santos was able to give his talents free rein, but he will be best remembered as a right-back. Like all the converts from more forward positions it was intelligence and ball skill that enabled him to stand out—seldom chancing a sliding tackle but preferring to control his opponent by anticipating the passes intended for him—and cutting them out.

Audacious

One incident from last year's World Cup final against Czechoslovakia will testify to his skill. Positioned on the edge of the penalty area facing his winger, Santos raced forward to intercept a fifty-fifty ball intended for his Czech opponent. Santos got there first by a yard, took one pace past the ball and as it bounced behind him, up came his right foot behind his back to flick the ball high over the winger's head. Unable to stop, the Czech raced on, while Santos calmly collected the ball beyond the winger, and pushed it on upfield. Audacious it may have been, brilliant it certainly was and to produce this flick in a difficult situation demonstrates his complete mastery of the ball.

While other defenders are content to hold a tricky opponent, Santos over-shadows them.

Djalma Santos created a fine impression on his appearance in the first half of the match against England for F.I.F.A. at Wembley late in October. (Planet.)

On the record of the F.A's centenary last October a little light-hearted reflection from history

Soccer in costume in Tuscany, an annual affair on rather odd lines, it seems, recalling some of the colourful moments in the game's history as Roger Macdonald reports here. (Keystone 2.)

"THAT BEASTLIE FURIE OF FOOTBALL"

1066 and all that . . . by ROGER MACDONALD

THE British have always accepted that football did not begin, out of the blue, on October 25, 1863.

They concede reluctantly the existence of **Tsu Chu**, a Chinese game of shooting at goal, dating from the Han Dynasty of 2,000 years ago. They are aware that the Japanese played **kemari** in the sixth century and that the Greeks with their **episkyros**, and the Romans with their **harpastum**, were at it long before the days of Queen Victoria.

But there was something terribly un-British about these games that seemed to lack enthusiasm in their skill and direction to their hooliganism. English mob football was a different matter. There was something delightfully demoniac about this wild and brutal game between whole villages, in which the object was to propel the ball from one district to another by fair means or foul. A goal really was a goal in those days—and what other game could claim to have been banned by seven monarchs in 450 years?

Foreign football was conclusively a game for softies; visitors from overseas seemed terrified of England's little riots on Saturday afternoons. The Florentines' **Calcio** actually had rules, only twenty-one players a side, including gentlemen who wore pretty red and green pantaloons; not the done thing at all.

Diluted

Even kings were wont to dally at this dreadful, diluted version of football. In about 1560 **Henri Deuxième de la France** became the world's first player-manager; but through some lamentable oversight the score of the match between his **Blanches de Paris** and the **Rouges d'Orléans** is not recorded.

Henry eventually went back to jousting and after an unfortunate accident both he and his team became defunct. This shocking news was only overshadowed by reports of a **real riot** in Brittany during a fierce game of **la Soule**; the foreigners seemed to be toughening up at last. But no. The British overseas touring team, under explorer John Davis, were still booed for rough play when they visited the Esquimaux in 1585. As for the Florentines, they had put sand on the pitch to reduce injuries and the Greens were planning to change to an all-white strip **à la Real**. There had even been rumours of a dreadful innovation called a referee. . . .

Then it happened. The remarkable British attribute of **volte-face** asserted itself. The very monarchs who had set their crowns against all rough and violent exercises began to condone foot-ball as a sport for the "common and meaner sort of people". In 1615 James I attended a football match at Bramham between Wiltshire parishioners, reputed to be the best players in England. Three years later he published a best-seller called the *Book of Sports*, which expressly authorised the playing of games on Sunday.

Susceptible

Under Charles I, of course, matters went from bad to worse. Professionals had been present at Florence since A.D. 1450, all of whom were susceptible to bribery by "young Cavaliers of good purse". Now the custom was spreading to England, where Hammershin, Bachelor of Arts, became the first full-time professional, and figured in the notorious village transfer scandal of the early 1630s. Charles went to see him at Cambridge in 1631, and was so impressed by his play that he quite lost his head. . . .

Attendances declined in the 1650s when the Puritans came to power with their watchwords "Never on Sundays". But at the end of the decade Richard Cromwell, son of Oliver Cromwell, "one of the chief Matchmakers and Players at Football" (to quote from his biography by a ghost writer in 1663), was sacked by Parliament and Charles II appointed British team-manager in his stead. He abandoned the 0-0-400 formation of mob football, and brought back Britain's best Cavaliers from France and Italy. Rumour has it that there were five French internationals in the Royal Household team that played the Duke of Albermarle's eleven in 1681.

So the stage was set for the refined and disciplined game of the public schools; it was an easy stride to the formation of the Football Association in the days of oil lamps, top hats and white whiskers. As the inspired insubordination of William Webb Ellis had invented "Rugger" in 1823, everyone was delighted when young Charles Wrerford Brown thought of "Soccer", even if the word arrived twenty years after the game had started. "Soccer football" it was then, a singularly unattractive contraction, but specific enough to discourage those "rowdies" from Blackheath who had to have hacking.

Sardonic

Now the English Football Association—dear, sweet F.A., as someone sardonically described her—is a hundred years old. Creaking at the joints a little, short-sighted as ever, she has helped this nation of shopkeepers to export its one free commodity to the ends of the earth. But she is really only a foster-parent, an uncompromising elderly guardian of the latest generation of Godless creations. She put it back on its feet, set it on the straight and narrow path of propriety. She provided the slight push to start it rolling, and it rolled right round the world. But then it knew the way: that beastlie furie of footeball had been round many times before.

Spotlight on the United States

STILL WAITING TO TAKE ITS PLACE

***In ten years between 1950 and 1960 progress in the game has been obviously slow . . . says* BRIAN GLANVILLE**

THERE is no more traumatic experience for a lover of soccer than to meet an American girl who says, "Oh, soccer? We played that in high school." Soccer: with its severe bodily contacts, its manifold injuries, its premium on stamina, courage and persistence! Yet if I have heard it from one American girl, I must have heard it from half-a-dozen. The last was Billie-Jean Moffitt, that amiable, talkative girl who reached the women's singles final at Wimbledon in 1963; but then Miss Moffitt's hefty legs suggest she might have played it with success; a full-back, perhaps, or a sturdy centre-forward.

The myth of an upsurge of soccer in the United States is so well established now that, it may take its place with that of the Great American Novel (which has probably been written while no one was paying attention) and the heavyweight White Hope. Every now and then an encouraging piece of information filters through. The game is being played in colleges and high schools (by boys . . .) because American football is considered too rough and too elaborate. It is sweeping St. Louis, Mo.—a sort of lease-lend arrangement, one imagines, in return for Mr. T. S. Eliot. America has beaten England in the World Cup: now there *must* be a torrent of unleashed enthusiasm. The Aga Khan is playing outside-left for Harvard; damn it, the game's becoming *fashionable*.

But these incidents sink like stones into a bottomless, uncaring well. Stubbornly, America holds out. It doesn't want soccer: instead, it wants that perverse and violent game played by great gorillas in helmets; the game which poor Scott Fitzgerald wasn't big enough to play back in the twenties, when nobody had even fantasised Big Daddy Lipscombe.

And yet those signs . . . those will o' the wisps . . . how many and how deceptively bright they have been. "Were it possible to estimate completely the real contribution the Federation has made to the goodwill of nations, it could be lauded as the saviour of the human race." This was the tribute paid in 1929 by the American Football Association, on the 25th anniversary of F.I.F.A.: the Federation of International Football Associations.

But in those days, optimism was in the air of American football. There were still enough good British players around, after the Bethlehem Steel experiment, to provide America with a team strong enough to enter for the first ever World Cup.

It was early in the twenties that Bethlehem Steel, and a handful of other organisations, decided to build up their soccer club. Tempting offers were made to a number of British professionals, none of whom could earn more than a few pounds a week at home; and the offers bore fruit. Alec Jackson went, a Scottish international outside-right of prodigious goal-scoring ability and independent ways; if terms didn't suit him, he was liable to seek his fortune in unorthodox ways—and places. Bill Harper went; a large, Scottish international goalkeeper. But neither stayed very long. Both, in fact, returned to play for London clubs, Jackson for Chelsea, Harper for Arsenal, where he intrigued the other players with his penchant for smoking large, strong cigars; a relic, it seemed, of his months in America.

In 1930, the finals of the World Cup were played in Montevideo; and America went. Brave of them, really, for in the 1928 Olympic tournament, in Amsterdam, they had been hammered out of sight by Argentina—11-2. Now, matters had changed; several of their team were naturalised British players. Jack Coll of Brooklyn Wanderers, who was in charge of the side, predicted they would spring a surprise: and so they did.

Achievement

They were a large, muscular team, which included five Scots—Alec Wood, James Gallacher, Andrew Auld, James Brown and Bart McGhee—and George Moorhouse, an Englishman. They beat Belgium 3-0 in their first match; no small achievement, for the Belgians had been at it for years, and had not long ago held the full English international team to a draw, then they beat Paraguay, favourites to win the group, by the same score. This qualified them for the semi-finals, where they would play Argentine. They were a very quick, expert team with excellent stamina; in both their games, they finished fresher than their opponents.

The French players, impressed by their massive bulk, christened them "the shot putters."

"They always amused us when we saw them training," said Marcel Pinel, the centre-half of that French side, in later years, "for they were always clad in tiny shorts which revealed enormous thighs, like tree-trunks, and they would go lapping and slogging round and round a track like long distance runners. They were slightly on the crude side."

Bernie McLaughlin of the Hakoah club and a former American All-Star of the American Soccer League. (O.)

They were also classically British in their training methods. Even today, the Puritan British conscience is such that "lapping and slogging" still seem to many clubs the best means of preparation, though they have been outmoded for years in Europe and in South America.

The Americans—curiously, in retrospect—were favoured to beat Argentine, their conquerors in 1928, when four of their present team had been playing. In the event, America was overwhelmed, losing by six goals to one, in a game which produced one priceless moment of comedy.

At one point the distinguished Belgian referee, John Langenus—who always wore plus-fours—blew his whistle for a foul against an American. Immediately one of the American officials, who was also the team's medical attendant, rushed on to the field to abuse him. Having said his piece, he angrily flung down his box of medicaments, which burst open, scattering bottles liberally

around. These, in turn, were broken, among them a bottle of chloroform. Its fumes rose steadily and inexorably about the official, who fell silent, began to stagger, and finally had to be helped off the field.

America had done remarkably well in this World Cup, but there was no sequel at home; hardly surprising, perhaps, when one reflects that the team consisted largely of foreign "mercenaries," so that there was little prospect of identification.

But the real causes of neglect go much deeper, and are perhaps to be found in the nature of America itself. Had the United States really wanted soccer, it would have been playing it long ago; the fact that it isn't, broadly speaking, playing it today means that the game doesn't correspond to American needs. Indeed, it is significant that neither American football nor baseball, the country's national sports, has been taken up by the world at large. The indication is that there is something unique and special about the American temperament, something that is decidedly not for export. America has taken two British games—rounders and Rugby—and has used them as the basis for something much more elaborate and vastly different.

Baseball derives from rounders, a game largely played by girls' schools in Britain. American football stems from Rugby football, a game clearly not violent enough to suit the native temperament. Having begun to play it, America very quickly moulded the game in its own image, with forward passing, infinitely fiercer bodily contact—the incidence of deaths in American football has always far surpassed that in Rugby, where they are rare indeed—and a compulsive emphasis on strategy; on "plays."

Rugby itself has "plays," soccer has them, too, but the essence of both games, and particularly soccer, is that they are games of improvisation, fluid and open. The incidence of violence in American life, and its probable causes—the rapid opening up of a new country, the prevalence of competition—is a commonplace. Yet it seems to find its expression in the American football game, where size and strength are of absolute importance. They are important—though less so—in Rugby football, and hardly important at all in soccer. Indeed, if a man is big enough to play American football, he is almost certainly too big, too heavy and ponderous and unmanoeuvrable, to play soccer. In the whole of the English League—all 92 clubs—there is only a handful of men weighing over 14 stone, and they play largely goalkeeper or centre-half, positions where one does not have to turn so quickly.

Soccer is essentially a democratic sport in that a player of a hundred and thirty pounds can run rings round another twice his size. This makes it very much a sport for participants, whereas one has the impression that American football—and even basketball—has increasingly become a game for the physical freak. The obvious equation to draw is that boys of average dimensions—always in the majority—would cease to dream about becoming Red Grange, Tom Harman or Paul Hornung—and the game would be fossilised as a mere spectator-sport, to die slowly and accordingly. Instead, this has not happened, since we know that the professional game has never flourished as it does today. Those desperate and Titanic clashes, those endless midfield huddles, those ever more complicated "plays," clearly have the American imagination in their grasp. To this extent, football seems the equivalent of boxing, a sport which has always been, essentially, one for spectators, one practised by a minority; though even here, the small man has his chance.

Thus, the relative success of the New York International Tournament has not impressed me, nor made me optimistic; one has been disappointed too often before. There is no doubt that, after shaky beginnings—at one stage, the English League banned its clubs from taking part—the Tournament has come to stay; no doubt, too, that the number of spectators has steadily increased. But what does that prove?

Accommodation

I suspect that those who go to watch the game are largely either recent immigrants, or first generation Americans. Often, their motives are dubious. There have been too many "unfortunate incidents," too many invasions of the pitch by rabid Poles or incensed Italians, suggesting that many find it an occasion, less to see football, than to take their nationalism for an outing. When West Ham United played the Polish club, Gornik, in 1963, the Gornik supporters swarmed on to the field and beat up the unhappy referee.

Mr. Bill Cox, the tournament's organiser, has been successful in persuading many famous teams to take part—Dukla of Prague, Everton, Bangu of Brazil, Burnley, and the rest—but this is essentially a minor tournament, which teams must enter at a sacrifice. Burnley, indeed—used to air travel and first class accommodation—angrily walked out of their hotel, when they competed, in 1960. Kilmarnock, the Scottish team, love the tournament, and everybody loves them (it was notable that when West Ham won their qualifying group in 1963, all the nostalgic speeches at the banquet were for Kilmarnock) but Kilmarnock are a minor, provincial side.

It is, of course, a vicious circle. With crowds that scarcely ever rise above 20,000, the tournament cannot be a money maker; cannot produce the heavy financial guarantees and the possibility of *de luxe* accommodation to entice such giants as Real Madrid, Santos of Brazil, and Milan. There is, besides, the feeling among many British clubs that it imposes too great a strain on their players, who have finished an eight month season in May, and must begin again in August. Ron Greenwood, the West Ham United manager, said after his team had won the tournament, but lost the challenge Final, that his young players had gained invaluable experience. One feels, nevertheless, that the tournament has no roots, no momentum, that Mr. Cox is a brave man pushing at a massive boulder, which wouldn't roll an inch if he ceased to shove. And West Ham began badly this season.

Could there, after all, possibly have been a greater incentive than America's astounding victory over England, in the World Cup of 1950? "All you can do now to make amends is to beat us at baseball," said an American businessman, afterwards, "and you'll never do that." It was a performance which defies comparison, as though a legless man had swum the Channel, or a middle-

● *Continued on page 30*

West Ham's Bobby Moore looks on with envy?—as colleague Ken Brown kisses a KLM airline hostess during one of the more light-hearted moments in this year's United States International Soccer League tournament. (P.G.I.)

EUROPEAN COMMENTARY TAKES A LOOK AT THE INTER-CLUB COMPETITIONS

EVERY SOCCER DOG HAS HIS DAY

by Gordon Jeffery

THIS is the period that sees the leading clubs of the junior soccer nations of Europe enjoying their annual brief contact with the seniors in the inter-club competitions. A treat for the fans, welcome additional revenue for the club, and usually for the players the feeling that the most they can achieve, possibly the most they can even hope for, is to avoid too humiliating a defeat!

Yet this season in competitions that are normally very predictable in the first stages, there have been some unexpected results and we have a situation in which clubs as Jeunesse Esch of Luxembourg in the Champions Cup, and Apoel of Cyprus and Borough United of Wales in the Cup-Winners Cup have already earned places in the second stage of competitions in which clubs as Glasgow Rangers, Ferencvaros and Everton have lost interest.

It is a staggering thought that if the draw—not known at the time of writing—should bring Apoel and Borough United together one of the two would be in the last eight of the Cup-Winners Cup! It is, of course, true that all three of the "minnows" I have mentioned were, by some lucky chance, matched against sides of a similar standard and it is unlikely that Luxembourg's Jeunesse Esch could have mastered any other club except Valkeaskosken of Finland and Valletta of Malta. As it was their ultimate victory over the Finnish club was a most exciting affair as Jeunesse Esch had been beaten by four goals to one in the first leg played in Finland.

A deficit of three goals is a lot for a team, even when playing at home, to pull back in the second leg in these competitions. But Jeunesse Esch not only managed to do this but to add the additional goal that gave them the aggregate victory by five goals to four. It was inside-left Theis who started them back on the long trail to victory in the seventeenth minute of the match played at the Emile-Mayrisch Stadium at Esch. The Finnish club, with a useful nucleus of international players in their side, were naturally concentrating upon defensive play and it was not until three minutes from the interval that strong Luxembourg pressure ended with left-half Niemen putting through his own goal.

The aggregate score as the second half began was thus Jeunesse Esch 3, Valkeaskosken 4—and again it was Finnish defence against Luxembourg attack. The siege lasted for a quarter of an hour before inside-right May got Jeunesse Esch's equalising goal—on aggregate. May had been the sole Jeunesse Esch player in the Luxembourg side who had a month before gained a splendid one-all draw against the Netherlands in the European Nations Cup; then too he had snatched the vital equaliser. Now however in the club match the Luxemburgers were not content with merely equalising and although that gifted Finnish international inside-left, Peltonen, worked hard to bring Valkeaskosken back into the game as an offensive force, five minutes from the close, Theis got Jeunesse Esch's fourth goal of the match—and the winning one on aggregate.

This particular match was one of several in the Champions, Cup-Winners and Fairs Cups played on the same day—how reading of them the following day whetted one's appetite for the day when every Monday morning would bring similar accounts of European League matches! It was the day when Glasgow Rangers, after having lost a little unluckily by one goal to nil at Ibrox Park, were swamped by Real Madrid to the tune of six goals to nil before a crowd of eighty thousand at the Bernabeu Stadium — and, assuaging to some extent British disappointment (and shame?), Puskas collected three of the goals. Puskas, you may remember, was thought to have been making his sadly sweet swansong in the final of two seasons ago when, despite his hat-trick, Real were beaten 5-3 by Benfica in Amsterdam.

Saddened

It was the day when PSV Eindhoven, the odd goal in seven winners in Denmark, also chalked up a big goals tally in beating Esbjerg by seven goals to one in the second leg played at Eindhoven. The day when, in the Cup-winners Cup, Glasgow Celtic soothed the Scottish breasts saddened by the news from Madrid by beating Basle by five goals to nil and so marginally improved on their five-one victory in the first leg played in Switzerland. The day when MTK, the famous Hungarian club, just managed to hang on to the one goal advantage they had gained at home when they drew one-all with the lesser-known Slavia club of Sofia. This was one of those matches when their narrow, one goal in this case, deficit was speedily wiped out by the home side in the second leg. It was in the first minute, before twenty-five thousand spectators at the Vassil-Levski Stadium, that outside-right Michev scored for Slavia Sofia and so equalised the aggregate score. Unfortunately for the Bulgarians they were unable to improve upon the position and, in the thirty-fifth minute, centre-forward Kuti restored MTK's narrow advantage—one they held to the end.

Several Fairs Cup matches were played on that same day and one in the quarter-finals of the Rappan Cup. In the latter,

Princess Margriet of Holland was introduced to the teams before the Feijenoord-PSV Eindhoven game recently. She is shaking hands with Coen Moulijn, the Feijenoord International. (P.A.I.)

Rouen, thanks to an equalising penalty goal five minutes from the end and a winner from substitute inside-right Betta in the last minute, gained an odd goal in five first leg victory over the West German club, Bayern Munich. In the former, Lokomotive Plovdiv of Bulgaria and Belenenses of Portugal completed "doubles" over Brasov of Rumania and Trensjak of Yugoslavia respectively to reach the last sixteen of the competition, but Hearts at home to Lausanne of Switzerland could only repeat the two-all draw of the first leg to make a third match necessary.

On the same day the third and deciding match was played in the only Champions Cup tie that had to go into three matches. This was the tie between Gornik Zabrze of Poland and club Austria. The first leg played in Poland was won by Gornik by a goal to nil. The second played in Austria was won by the home club by a similar score. Now, again in Austria, the two clubs met for the decider. There were several internationals on the field but perhaps the clash can best be pictured in terms of the rival centre-forwards — for Austria the huge, ungainly, powerful Nemec; for Gornik the tall and graceful Pohl. It was Pohl who opened the scoring in the sixth minute—Szoltysik added a second and left-half Geyer got a late consolation goal for the Austrians. And victory went to the best footballers.

On paper, however, the victory slots in amongst the unexpected in this season's matches — but less so than the aggregate victory of Galatasaray of Turkey over Ferencvaros of Hungary. There have been several straws blowing in the wind over the past two years that have pointed to a considerable improvement in Turkish play with their country seeming on a more settled footing. Galatasaray's emphatic four-nil win over Ferencvaros was more than a straw in the wind however! It was solid achievement—much too solid for the Hungarians to erode in the second leg although they did manage a two-nil win.

Overall, incidentally, the ultimate results point to an advantage in playing the first leg at home: of the fifteen first leg matches nine ended as home wins, two as draws and four as aways, and of the nine home-winners six went on to qualify for the next round. Or, put the other way round, only three clubs who lost away in the first leg were able to overcome the deficit when they played at home —Jeunesse Esch, whom I have already mentioned, Spartak Plovdiv of Bulgaria and Norrkoping of Sweden. Both the latter turned one goal to nil defeats into odd goal victories on aggregate—against Partizan Tirana of Albania and Standard Liege of Belgium respectively. Norrkoping's ultimate victory is another, like Galatasaray's and Gornik's, that deserve a specially creditable mention.

Finally before leaving the Champions Cup—Dundalk and Zurich was the one tie that ended in an away victory in each leg! Dundalk at least had the distinction of being the only British club to gain a win in this year's competition. There is a much brighter prospect for British clubs in the Cup-Winners Cup. Tottenham Hotspur, who had a bye in the first round, must be favourites to win this year and to retain their title. Their quarter-final opponents of last year, Slovan Bratislava, are again in the field but, unless they had a *couple* of off-days, Spurs should be able to comfortably account for them should the two meet again. Barcelona are in the competition but they still blow alternately hot and cold these days. On one of their happy days they could shake the Spurs but the Spanish club were far from impressive against Shelbourne although they did win both legs without conceding a goal—and the season was then still young for them.

Strongest

West Germany are strongly represented this year with old Champions' Cup campaigners Hamburg S.V. but perhaps the strongest threat to the Spurs' retention of the title comes from fellow-Britons Manchester United and Glasgow Celtic—particularly of course the former.

British clubs may also be in at the finish of the Fairs Cup. There is top quality in plenty in that competition these days with additional countries coming in every year and clubs in many of them canvassing furiously for places. Ultimately it seems certain that, although some of the genuine Fairs Cities of the smaller countries — as Copenhagen of Denmark for example, may continue to be entered, the representatives of most countries will be the two or three clubs finishing their national league season immediately below their champions unless these include the national Cup-winners who would enter, of course, for the Cup-Winners Cup.

AIK Stockholm and Djurgaarden fought out a 1-1 draw at the Rasunda Stadium and our picture shows Per Olaf Magnusson (Djurgaarden) delighted at finding an opponent, not in camera, putting through his own goal! (Planet)

EUROPEAN CHAMPIONS CUP

				Qualified
Partizan (Albania)	— Spartak Plov. (Bul.)	1–0	1–3	Spartak P.
Dukla Prague (Cz.)	— Valetta (Malta)	6–0	2–0	Dukla P.
Dyn. Buc. (Rum.)	— Motor Jena (E.G.)	2–0	1–0	Dyn. Buc.
Partizan Bel. (Yu.)	— F.C. Anorthosis (Cy.)	3–0	3–1	Partizan B.
Gornik Zabrze (Pol.)	— Austria (Austria)	1-0 0-1	2-1	Gornik Z.
Galatasaray (Turk.)	— Ferencvaros (Hung.)	4–0	0–2	Galatasar'y
Distillery (N.I.)	— Benfica (Portugal)	3–3	0–5	Benfica
Monaco (France)	— A.E.K. Athens (Gr.)	7–2	1–1	Monaco
Valk'skosken (Fin.)	— Jeunesse Esch (Lux.)	4–1	0–4	Jeunesse E.
Stand. Liege (Bel.)	— Norrkoping (Sweden)	1–0	0–2	Norrkop'g
Glasgow R. (Scot.)	— Real Madrid (Spain)	0–1	0–6	Real Mad.
Everton (England)	— Inter. Milan (Italy)	0–0	0–1	Internaz'le
Ski Og Lyn (Nor.)	— Borussia Dort. (W.G.)	2–4	1–3	Borussia D.
Esbjerg (Denmark)	— P.S.V. Eindh'n (Neth.)	3–4	1–7	Eindhoven
Dundalk (R. of I.)	— F.C. Zurich (Switz.)	0–3	2–1	Zurich

Bye: Milan (Italy)

EUROPEAN CUP-WINNERS CUP

				Qualified
Atalanta (Italy)	— Sport'g Lisbon (Port.)	2–0		
F.C. Apoel (Cyp.)	— Gjovik Lyn (Norway)	6–0	0–1	Apoel
Fenerbahce (Turk)	— Petrolul Ploesti (Ru.)	4–1		
Palloseura (Fin.)	— SL. Bratislava (Cz.)	1–4		
Sliema W. (Malta)	— Borough Utd. (Wales)	0–0	0–2	Borough
F.C. Basle (Switz.)	— Celtic (Scotland)	1–5	0–5	Celtic
Shelb'rne (R. of I.)	— Barcelona (Spain)	0–2		
Willem II (Neth.)	— Manchester U. (Eng.)	1–1		
Hamb'g S.V. (W.G.)	— U.S. Luxemb'g (Lux.)	4–0	3–2	H.S.V.
Olympiakos (Gr.)	— Zagleble S'wiec (Pol.)	2–1	0–1	
Linz A.S.K. (Aus.)	— Dyn. Zagreb (Yugo.)	1–0		
Lyon (France)	— Odense (Denmark)	3–1		
M.T.K. (Hungary)	— Slavia Sofia (Bulg.)	1–0	1–1	M.T.K.

Byes: Tottenham (England) Motor Zwickau (E.G.) Linfield (N.I.)

FAIRS CUP

				Qualified
Cologne (W.G.)	— La Gantoise (Belg.)	3–1		
Utrecht (Neth.)	— Sheffield Wed. (Eng.)	1–4		
Glentoran (N.I.)	— Partick Thistle (Scot.)	1–4		
Spartak Brno (Cz.)	— Servette (Switz.)	5–0		
Copenhagen (Den.)	— Arsenal (England)	1–7		
Aris (Luxembourg)	— F.C. Liege (Belg.)	0–2	0–0	Liege
Lausanne (Switz.)	— Hearts (Scotland)	2–2	2–2	
Herakles (Greece)	— Zaragoza (Spain)	0–3	1–6	Zaragoza
Juventus (Italy)	— OFK Belgrade (Yug.)	2–1		
At. Madrid (Spain)	— Porto (Portugal)	2–1		
Shamrock (R. of I.)	— Valencia (Spain)	0–1	2–2	Valencia
Rapid (Austria)	— R.C. Paris (France)	1–0	3–2	Rapid
Hertha B.S.C. (W.G.)	— A.S. Roma (Italy)			
Trensjak (Yugo.)	— Belenenses (Portugal)	0–2	1–2	Belenenses
Ujpest (Hungary)	— Leipzig (E.G.)	0–0	3–2	Ujpest
Brasov (Rumania)	— Loko. Plovdiv (Bulg.)	1–3	1–2	Loko. Plov.

From obscurity to championship success and back to

FIGHTING TO KEEP THEIR CLUB ON TOP

FOCUS on IPSWICH TOWN by Martin Rogers

★

Joey Broadfoot signing for Ipswich Town watched by Manager Jackie Milburn. As Martin Rogers describes in this article, Broadfoot is the club's most costly capture in their history. In his first few matches for Ipswich, Broadfoot was used on both flanks and at the same time showed that he had made the transition from Third to First Division football effectively. (O.)

★

EIGHTEEN months ago Ipswich Town first season members of the First Division, were on top of the world. The unfancied and supposedly unfashionable Suffolk club had astonished the football world, and themselves too, perhaps, by winning the League Championship. European Cup glories beckoned. Today, gloom and despondency hangs over Portman Road like the pall of impending death. Relegation, always an ugly, threatening prospect, is staring the 1962 champions in the face.

Why the transformation? That much is obvious when one considers that before October, Ipswich had never paid more than £12,300 for a player; and the costly arrival then was a Third Division player, Joe Broadfoot, for whom Millwall wanted £25,000 but agreed to take £16,000.

Alf Ramsey, of course, has gone. He, more than any other man, made Ipswich Town a force in English football. East Anglia has never been a soccer stronghold; Ipswich, indeed, did not adopt professional status until 1936 and won admission to the old Third Division (South) two years later. Under Ramsey, the former Tottenham Hotspur and England full-back and now the international team manager, the Town prospered as never before, rising from the Third Division to the League title within half-a-dozen years.

Jackie Milburn, his successor, has the infinitely more difficult task of keeping Ipswich at the top.

Former idol of St. James's Park, Newcastle United Cup Final hero Milburn shirked nothing as a footballer and, one may be sure, he will not shirk this, the greatest challenge of his life.

He served a managerial apprenticeship by leaving Newcastle for Linfield, moving on to Southern League Yiewsley and helping out his former Magpie colleague Roy Bentley at Reading on a part-time basis.

Ipswich called him when Ramsey was appointed to the England job in January. And Milburn needed little persuasion.

At the present time "Wor Jackie" has his work cut out to keep the side's head above water in the First Division basement and despite the fact that support, never particularly enthusiastic at least insofar as numbers are concerned, is again at bread-line level this true son of the North-East is determined to give everything to the job in hand.

Manager Milburn's problem is a thankless one. None would deny that Alf Ramsey was a splendid club manager, whose grasp of all points appertaining to the game from tactics to psychology stamped him as the obvious choice to take over England's World Cup team plans. Whatever Milburn does will doubtless be compared with the mighty exploits of Ramsey, one man who managed to win a championship by persuading ordinary players to believe in themselves, and their own ability to do things simply and efficiently, by making the best use of their capabilities without worrying unduly about their faults.

This, perhaps, is unfair on Milburn. Ipswich have had only three managers since their first professional season, and have never sacked one. Where the others had a decided advantage, however, was in the fact that Ipswich could only go one way—up the soccer ladder. Since the early days the Town have sampled the fruits of success at the very top; now they are struggling and it is up to Milburn to restore some of the glory.

Yet what was his legacy? He took over an ageing team which had clearly lost its spark and rhythm. The reserve strength was the weakest of all the First Division sides.

During last summer Milburn signed a number of highly promising young players; like Jack Bolton, 19-year-old centre-half of Raith Rovers, who was sought by Glasgow Rangers. Milburn got him for £7,000, excellent business for the future. Like Danny Hegan, another Scottish lad, who had been with Albion Rovers and Sunderland. His price: only £4,000. His potential: considerable.

Material

Players such as these were regarded not so much as immediate senior material but rather as the nucleus of future teams. Unfortunately for Milburn, the early run of ill-fortune compelled him to field Bolton, Hegan, George Dougan, another youngster whom he had picked up from Yiewsley, and goalkeeper David Bevis, who only established a Combination place this year; all young players who may well develop into First Division calibre in a season or two but are not ready yet.

Injuries did not help; and the departure of England centre-forward Ray Crawford to Wolves for £38,000 (yes, this was the actual figure) took the forward line apart.

In addition, Crawford's comerade-at-arms, hustling Ted Phillips, had lost his cannon-ball touch and of the Championship-winning attack Roy Stephenson and Jimmy Leadbetter were getting past it, and Dixie Moran never seemed quite the same player after an injury last season.

Goalkeeper Roy Bailey was out with cartilage trouble; full-backs Larry Barberry and John Compton were in and out of form and the side; so, too, was long John

the brink of disappointment . . .

Elsworthy, another approaching the veteran stage.

The only players who had managed to keep their places were Billy Baxter, the 23-year-old Scot from Broxburn Athletic, and skipper Andy Nelson, once of West Ham.

Various permutations were tried, but it all boiled down to the fact that the players available were simply not good enough.

Just as there were plenty of players released at the end of last season, so will there be this time, and Milburn must weigh up in his own mind whether there is any value in keeping a string of players who are over the top or, alternatively, will never make the grade.

It could be, of course, that Ipswich would benefit from a return to the Second Division, but it is such a battle to get back to the top flight that Milburn cannot afford to think along these lines.

It isn't helping any that Ipswich pay all their first team players the same rate and many of the players sought by the town have just not wanted to consider a move into the Suffolk town.

Bobby Roberts, the Motherwell and Scotland Under-23 wing-half or inside-forward, was one such player. Ipswich bid £40,000 for him, even before Ray Crawford was sold, and this was £5,000 higher than the next bidder. But Roberts went to Leicester City whose terms, and prospects, were doubtless far more attractive.

Is Ipswich really a First Division centre? It is an amiable, rambling town of 120,000 people, far from the bustle and tear of London (72 miles away) and surrounded, in one direction by holiday resorts along the East Anglian coast—Clacton, Frinton, Walton, Harwich, Felixstowe and Aldeburgh form a string of such towns—and, to the west, and inland, by country villages and market towns where the main topics of conversation and mutual interest seem to be farming and motor cycle scrambles.

Colchester, the nearest League club, is eighteen miles distant and people jaunt in regularly, albeit in decreasing numbers, from the outlying parts to see the Town. But football is regarded differently here. When Ipswich were winning the League title, their average attendance was under 23,000 and the highest gathering at Portman Road is 30,649 who watched the match against Arsenal in that great season. Last season gates were down by 4,000. Now they are back to Second Division proportions.

Ipswich, indeed, were regarded as the poor relations of East Anglian football until a few seasons ago, when they overhauled Norwich City. But Norwich, to the north, have a bigger, better appointed ground, command greater crowds and certainly far more partisan and enthusiastic following even though they are going through a lean spell in the Second Division at the present time.

There are no local derbies for Ipswich; it is not a soccer area, they say, and the support is hardly calculated to boost the club's fortunes.

Jackie Milburn, man of courage, must attempt to instil in his players a determination and purpose which has not been altogether evident in some of their less distinguished moments of late.

Ipswich people—those who are still going along to Portman Road each week—are divided in their opinions. Many, while acknowledging the indisputable fact that Ramsey welded together the championship side, criticise him for not making adequate provision for the future. At the end of the First Division title campaign Ramsey retained all his 28 professionals.

Judgment

The decision was, to say the least, generous. And a year later Milburn dispensed with one third of those players, and his judgment is reflected in the fact that only one of them, Eire international centre-forward Dermot Curtis, is playing in League football, at Exeter.

Milburn, say these fans, had to do last summer what Alf Ramsey should have done the previous year. There may be truth in this opinion, and although the results of the Combination side have again been most disappointing, individually Milburn's new boys have tightened up the reserve resources.

The pity is that they have had to be thrust into the First Division sphere too early; and it is always hard for a young player to have to take his place in a struggling side. Far easier if he can be given his chance when the side is playing well and the pressure is off to a certain extent.

But the only one of Milburn's close season signings, big centre or inside-forward John Colrain, has sufficient experience to have been thrust into the first team in ordinary circumstances. Colrain, 25, was previously with Glasgow Celtic and Clyde.

This is not to say that the substitutes for injured or off-form regulars have not given of their utmost. At the moment, however, they lack the polish and freedom of activity which will only come in time.

What Ramsey did for Ipswich—and this, I feel, cannot be taken from him—was to convince players who had been discarded or at least not rated very highly by other clubs that there was, in fact, plenty of football in them. Thus convinced, these players were given an individual role best suited to each and every one of them. *But in almost every case they were players with some experience.*

Milburn's minors lack this experience.

And unless he can buy three or four players, which seems unlikely, the only salvation must lie with them.

Let's face it. If Ipswich do indeed go down, which at this distance looks a fair possibility even allowing for a spark of bright form, the Boltons and the Dougans will be better players for their experience in the First Division. The old hands can hardly be expected to re-create for the club the sort of success they enjoyed a couple of seasons ago.

Provided the eager young men of Ipswich are given the chance to improve the present position and enhance their own personal standards, Jackie Milburn can build Ipswich into a solid and reliable outfit.

Ipswich Town's Scottish-born winger or inside-forward Bobby Blackwood is one of the players signed during the Alf Ramsey reign at Portman Road.

If, on the other hand, the old servants are to be recalled, the youngsters will hardly benefit from reserve football at this juncture and will have to start learning all over again next season—unless, of course, Milburn could guarantee that the return of the over-thirties would keep the Town in the First Division.

If he could guarantee anything of the sort his job would be so much easier! But he can only fight, just as the players at his disposal can, to ensure that the Ipswich image may shine again.

Distillery goalkeeper Kennedy is powerless as a header by the Benfica inside-forward Eusebio heads inches wide of the post in the European Cup second leg in Lisbon, won 5-0 by Benfica. (M.P.I.)

REVOLUTIONARY—AND SO CHEAP!

IRISH NEWS by COLIN McALPIN

THE most dramatic and thought-provoking item of news to come from the Irish League since I started writing for WORLD SOCCER broke upon the unsuspecting world in September when Bangor chairman Mr. Jack Gaw revealed that he and the club were looking for a top-class English league outfit to take over and run them as a nursery for a fee of £9,000.

It was certainly the most interesting piece of news of the season and although at the time of writing no club has taken up this offer it is certainly one which should not be cast aside as a gimmick. It is, I am convinced, a solid idea which, if the deal went through and the two clubs concerned were serious, could be the saving of Bangor, a team which has not had much of the luck in life.

Drained

The facts are simple and are these: Bangor feel that the time must come soon when English clubs, who for years have drained all the talent from the Irish League and paid next to nothing for it, must come to terms with such clubs as themselves to operate in the Irish League itself and provide a good training ground and breeding place for players who could move across the channel. In the words of Mr. Gaw, "It is bound to come. Each year a number of top-class players are transferred across the water, otherwise Northern Ireland clubs could not exist."

And what would a buyer get for his £9,000 (a pretty low figure in my opinion for a ground, players and supporters)? Bangor have forty-six signed players on their books, six of them part-time professionals (the average wage in the Irish League is £6) and the remainder amateurs. They have some good players and although they do not always reach heights of brilliance nobody could accuse the seasiders of not being a team of all-out triers. At least three of their players, he feels, could be put up for sale immediately and the reserves (who play in the Irish "B" Division) are made up of teenagers.

The Bangor club is a public company but of the 5,000 registered £1 shares only 1,600 have been taken up. As is the case with most seaside clubs lack of support has been a big handicap for Bangor who have, nevertheless, managed to survive through great work by the directors and other activities.

In the past such men as Sammy Smyth and Gibby Mackenzie (now in charge of Portadown) have been the managers at Clandeboy. When the news first broke Hull City was linked with the deal but the Yorkshire club have since said they were not interested. Other clubs have, I am told, been approached and though their first attempts to get taken over have taken a knock Mr. Gaw and his board, who are 100% in support of the idea, are still hoping that the take-over will come.

It is certainly a revolutionary plan and so cheap too. True the ground is not all that it might be but that could easily be improved—in fact after certain clubs complained about the state of the pitch a few seasons ago the seasiders have been hard at work on improvements—and as for other things like lack of support if the team start to improve and start to show more promise than they have done in the past I feel it will pick up. All any football supporter wants is his team producing good soccer. So there you have it, a club for the asking, at give-away price and with most of the advantages not yet fulfilled—step forward all those interested....

Summer break

After that shock news the rest of the happenings have been pretty dull. One outstanding feature of the season has been that brilliant unbeaten run of Crusaders. What a revival the Shore Road boys have staged. For years the chopping-block of the league they came out of their summer break and swept all before them. Linfield were cast aside like an old glove and Distillery, fresh from their gallant 3-3 draw against the mighty Benfica, were wopped 4-2 after the Hatchet Men were trailing 2-0 at half-time. And of course there was that Ulster Cup win over Glenavon after a 2-2 draw in the first final.

By the time you read this in November they will have been beaten—by the mere law of averages it has to come for no matter how good you are no team can go on and on and on without defeat—but remember that I am writing this in October and since the season started way back in August the Crues have not been defeated and, whatever happens in the months to come, you can't take that away from them.

Perhaps I should admit, after all these months of writing these articles, that I am an ardent Crusaders supporter who has seen them getting hiding after hiding and only watched them win one trophy (the County Antrim Shield of 1959-60) up till this season's Ulster Cup. I have been with them through the darkness of defeat and I think you will forgive me this brief moment of basking in the sun as I think that the joy for me was in having followed these gallant lads through that darkness into the light. Next season it might be the turn of Bangor, or Derry City or Cliftonville, dear Cliftonville—and then I shall be in a position to realise just how the ardent supporters of that club will feel. That is football and that is the joy of it.

Over at the Oval things are not going so well. The team is not on the brink of the drop into nothingness or anything like that but after some pretty dreadful games the supporters are feeling low.

Following the 2-0 home defeat at the hands of Glenavon in September a group of supporters met the directors in the club's committee room. When the meeting ended Mr. John Harvey, a spokesman, said in a press statement:

"It was the general concensus of opinion of supporters that we should meet the directors and put forward our views in a responsible fashion. We put certain points to them—points which we believe would improve the form of the club in general. We believe we have the players who can produce good football and we had a dis-

ANOTHER YEAR FOR ANY ISLAND SUCCESS?

FOR the third consecutive year two Maltese clubs participated in the European Cup Competitions and again they were eliminated at the first time of asking. Whilst in the two previous seasons, Floriana and Hibernians represented the island, it was now the turn of the other elite clubs, Valletta F.C. and Sliema Wanderers to write a similar page in the history of their respective clubs.

MALTESE NEWS by REM SACCO

Mixed fortunes emerged from the luck of the draw. The Champions, Valletta, were drawn against the crack side Dukla of Prague, where the Maltese side went down by six goals without reply. Then in Malta, they were again beaten 2-0 but this time Valletta were not disgraced and the two goals came only during the latter part of the second half.

Sliema's matches in the European Cup Winners Cup were against the Welsh side Borough United, who were able to figure in a goalless draw in Malta and then beat the Maltese side 2-0 in Wrexham.

The Maltese club profited from the United Kingdom tour and played three other friendly matches in Britain. Against the two Second Division clubs, Norwich City and Leyton Orient, the Sliema team went down to the tune of 5-0 in each match. The Maltese side had the consolation of winning 3-2 against the non-league team New Brighton.

The Maltese amateur side fared even worse in the Mediterranean Games in Naples losing 8-0 against Spain, 6-0 vs. United Arab Republic, and 2-0 against both Lebanon and Turkey. The Malta F.A. put the blame on the fact that they kept strictly to the amateur rules, whilst other countries such as Italy, Spain, Turkey and others gave their own interpretation to these regulations.

The Malta F.A. Chairman, Mr. Eug. Bonello, M.B.E. attended the F.A. centenary celebrations as a guest of the F.A. itself. Mr Bonello, now an old man, has dedicated his whole life for the good of the game in Malta and he is held in high esteem in the U.K. football circles. He is a personal friend of Sir Stanley Rous.

Great need

Maltese clubs still need increased competition with foreign teams to improve their own standards. Even in the three years that such meetings have been effected in the European Cup competitions, there has been a definite, if slight, improvement in the play of the Malta clubs.

Naturally there is a limit to the capacity of local clubs for matches against teams from Europe other than the competitions already mentioned, but with visits from touring teams to the island and the occasional trip by Maltese sides overseas, the necessary raising of the home game will gradually become more obvious.

Maltese defenders clear an attack during the European Nations' Cup game with Denmark. Malta were also eliminated quickly from this competition. (O.2.)

COLIN McALPIN'S IRISH NEWS

● *from facing page*

cussion with them on talent and the use of it."

The directors, including chairman Mr. John Sholdis, informed the supporters that they had in mind the team's poor form and added that they planned to go into the whole matter in the near future.

Since Isaac McDowell moved from the Windsor Park area where he took Linfield to a successful, lift-everything, season some time ago things have not gone well for him with the Glens. He is trying desperately to get things going for the East Enders — after the Glenavon game he admitted, "We are in a terrible rut and I wish to goodness I knew how to get out of it. There will have to be changes and better team-work." Well, in admitting he has not got a carefree ride in front of him, he has gone half-way to solving the problems and watch out for the Glens staging a revival like the Crues.

After coming out with the admission that I'm a Crues supporter through and through I must spring to the defence of another Irish League outfit. Some newspapermen are having their annual "knock Cliftonville" period and I must protest. Before I launch my case for the Reds let me get a few things straight for I am sure some will want to hurry forward with stickers claiming me as a sentimentalist, an out-of-touch traditionalist, a slow stick-in-the-mud who is afraid of change and generally deaf to the cries of those "progressive" people around me who call for the doing away of Cliftonville. I am *not* any of these, in fact I always claim to be ultra-progressive (look up some of my ideas for the reorganisation of the entire Irish League and judge me on that if you will) and forward-thinking.

Now let us on to the topic in question. Sentiment, say the "experts", is a thing that can be done without in football. Can it, I mean can we really forget that it was Cliftonville who gave football to Ireland, who saw it through the birth pangs? Can we go and calmly chop the Reds out of soccer because they don't always provide the opposition we wish for? Perhaps we forget their great spell last season. Perhaps we forget that if the "experts" had have been listened to, Crusaders would not now be licking everybody in sight.

Top amateurs

I admit that Cliftonville is usually the last resort with amateurs, that most of the players at Solitude are not wanted by other clubs and that most of the top amateurs are playing for other clubs. But don't forget that many of these players joined Cliftonville first and might still be there if the big boys had not come forward to entice them away. My ideas might be silly, too silly for words, and you might laugh them to scorn, but whatever you think and no matter how hard you laugh I say that the Reds should be kept in the League. It is the least we could do for such a fine club with so much tradition. It is not the chopping that will help the League, it is *expansion, expansion* and more *expansion*.

Lastly this month I want to say a few more words on the Scottish players saga. I think I have gone over the facts before. Some Irish League clubs bring, for some unknown reason, Scottish players across every week-end for games and during the past few months some of these players have been a big disappointment to their respective bosses. Way back in August Bertie Peacock, manager of Coleraine, hit out at cross-channel players who take Irish football too lightly. Most of them, not all, mind, but most, are not as fit as they should be and it is this that is annoying fans and managers alike. They produce some great football but not nearly often enough and on the whole I would rather see some local lad given a chance to shine for his club than to see money thrown away on bringing these players over however good they turn out to be.

Comments from the Scots were reported as follows:

"The Irish League clubs trust us to train on our own and unfortunately that trust is sometimes broken. I think in the past a few Scots have got the rest of us a bad name." (Brian Callan, former Ballymena United and Portadown player.)

"I think in recent seasons some players have been letting the Scots down. They have gone across to Ireland more interested in the financial aspect of the game." (Mick McKenna, former Glentoran and Bangor player.)

If the Scots wish to continue with Ireland's clubs they must pull their weight and get down to it.

It was only natural that the England—F.I.F.A. match would raise questions about the possibilities of an English World Cup win

THE TRUTH ABOUT WEMBLEY

ERIC BATTY writes

F.I.F.A.'s powers of governing are also under fire after the farce of pre-match player selections

FOR many weeks before the England-F.I.F.A. match at Wembley it was clear that the selectors, headed by Mr. Harry Cavan from Northern Ireland, were going to be hard-pressed to turn out a workmanlike side that coincided with the man-in-the-street's assessment of the World's best players. It would have been difficult enough with the co-operation of the Associations in membership with F.I.F.A. but it became an almost impossible task once it became clear that Santos and AC Milan were not going to release Pelé and Maldini.

In inviting F.I.F.A. to meet England at Wembley, the Football Association originally intended that the game should be an exhibition—the most publicised segment of the comprehensive programme they drew up to celebrate a century of football. F.I.F.A. accepted in the same spirit but when the match came around all England was eager to prove their team could meet and beat the World's best and went into the fray with a "let's get stuck into these big-headed foreigners" attitude; while quite a few clubs on whom F.I.F.A. officials depended for their players had decided that their own interests were of greater importance, and England could keep their Centenary.

Complaint

Santos, facing a vital league match the day following the Wembley game steadfastly refused to release Pelé, who is undoubtedly the World's number one player, while in complete contrast Czechoslovakia's Slovan Bratislava raised no complaint at all when asked for their centre-half Jan Popluhar as replacement for Maldini and enabled him to fly to London on the Friday before the match, in spite of the fact that two days after their stopper had gone they had a European Cup Winners' Cup match with Helsinging Palloseura.

Slovan it seems were delighted to think that one of their players should be honoured by F.I.F.A., while Santos were allowed to cock a snook at the World's ruling body. This of course raises the question, "does F.I.F.A. rule?" and without much doubt at all, I claim F.I.F.A. doesn't but merely exists in the general belief that a World Association is good for the game.

Apart from the World Cup which F.I.F.A. organises herself, her powers are strictly limited, and just as England appears to be powerless when League clubs refuse to release their best players for training with the national team, so club interests carry greater weight than those of F.I.F.A.

At some time in the future, we may get an F.I.F.A. Executive with the courage to demand, and get, real powers to control the game, but until that far-distant day finally arrives I feel it would be better if we decided never again to try and raise an F.I.F.A. representative squad. This I am sure was the general feeling when Chile's F.A. President Juan Goni proposed during the celebrations in London that Santiago should stage next year a representative match between South America and Europe. It's been a dream for many years and it's doubtful if we'll ever see it staged.

F.I.F.A. has already given her consent to another top-flight representative match, Scandinavia v. the Rest of Europe due to be staged in Copenhagen next May, to celebrate the 75th anniversary of the Danish F.A. After that, I hope, and confidently expect, there'll be no more matches of this kind.

Ten years back

The match itself was a major disappointment, nothing like the superb demonstration we had witnessed ten years before when Boniperti, Kubala, Nordahl, Vukas and Zebec engineered four superb goals as a 90th birthday gift for the Football Association, and left with little to enthuse about apart from the result which was completely satisfactory as far as England were concerned. The majority of the critics present had no views beyond "England will reach the semi-final without much difficulty in 1966."

As I saw it the first half was pretty fair, but following the break when F.I.F.A. had to honour their promise that all the players released for the Wembley game would take part, there was little to be seen that lived up to our pre-match anticipation.

Greatest

As individuals, I made Scotland's Denis Law and Russia's Lev Yashin the outstanding players—two who stood out in the company of men who, until age caught up with them, were rated amongst the greatest the game has ever known. Law was positively brilliant—yet I still don't understand why he is so inconsistent, while Yashin, superb in all he did would probably have earned a draw for F.I.F.A. had he not been replaced by Yugoslavia's Soskic, for the second-half.

As the match wore on, I found myself thinking back to other "exhibitions" I'd seen—the many games staged by the Managers' XI who, seven or eight years ago, were regularly taking on English League sides. Men like Carter, Doherty, Lawton, Cockburn and Bartram were regulars in that side, matching their wits against the strength and stamina of the young men who replaced them in the English professional game, and usually being beaten when they ran out of steam in the second-half. It was nice to watch, but at 38, 39 and 40, Carter and his like lacked the speed and stamina that turned their talent into goals. So it was with this F.I.F.A. squad, and in particular the Real Madrid trio, Di Stefano, Puskas and Gento. Five years ago they would have hammered this same England team. Armfield, facing Gento, "the World's fastest winger," was able to match the Spaniard step for step—he may even have the edge in sheer speed now; while the portly Puskas, still a menace

EAST-WEST CLOSER RELATIONS?

Bobby Smith (England) challenges Russia's Lev Yashin during the match with F.I.F.A. at Wembley. On the left is the Czechoslovakian wing-half Pluskal. (Planet.)

if given a clear-cut shooting chance, lacks the mobility to engineer his own chances and even when his guile gains him half a yard over his shadowing opponent he loses his hard-earned advantage in three strides and is then forced to stop or part with the ball prematurely.

For the rest, Eusebio was . . . Eusebio, wandering almost aimlessly. Always eager to let go with a thunderbolt, he is a terror with Benfica where he has the wily Coluna to call advice and send him moving in the right direction. Without another Portuguese-speaking player within hailing distance, Eusebio was a little boy lost—while Kopa, still a great performer, spent the afternoon looking for someone to take up an intelligent position, and with Law and Di Stefano both lying deep, he was still waiting when team manager Riera called him off.

Disappointment

Uwe Seeler who replaced Kopa, was a first-class flop, Masopust was fair, Baxter poor and Eyzaguirre inexperienced. Soskic could be given the credit for both the England goals and with Schnellinger a big disappointment and Djalma Santos still good in possession but well past his best, F.I.F.A. were little more than a collection of failures and has-beens.

Only one man did better than I expected—centre-half Popluhar, who gave quite the best performance I've ever seen from him. Pluskal alongside him was his usual reliable self, quiet but competent, and these two with Yashin and Law the big successes were quite the best F.I.F.A. had to offer.

Greaves top

From the English point of view, Greaves was the man of the match, certainly putting himself out a great deal more than he usually does, and always threatening to do that which he seems to enjoy — score goals; while Paine on the right-wing gave what I thought to be the best we've seen from an England outside-right since the time the selectors finally discarded Stan Matthews and Tom Finney. This doesn't mean too much of course, recalling the string of flops that have figured on England's right flank in recent years but it's worth emphasising for the benefit of any that may feel a Second Division man has no right to expect a regular place for England.

THE WORLD'S MOST EXPENSIVE PLAYER GROUP

Rest of the World team: back row left to right: Puskas, Santos, Pluskal, Yashin, Popluhar, Schnellinger, Soskic, Masopust, Eyzaguirre, Baxter. Front: Kopa, Law, Di Stefano, Eusebio, Gento and Seeler. (P.A.I.)

The rest will do until Mr. Ramsey can find real talent from the host of youngsters now forcing their way to the top, but as I see it, the greatest need is for a new middle line. At present, the half-backs are being asked to do little but defend, and while they do this with reasonable efficiency there's little poise or skill in the manner in which they go about it, and I fear that when they are called upon for something more, they'll be found wanting.

On balance however, England impressed the host of foreigners visiting Wembley.

The general feeling is that England will do well, three years from now, and few teams will fancy their chances if paired with England in the preliminary rounds. For those of us who have the opportunity to get a balanced view of the English game we've always known that an English team, playing on an English ground, before an English crowd is a difficult combination to beat—and a task that would be beyond all but the best sides.

Talented

Comparing the two Wembley sides, I made England, eager, industrious and purposeful, with the F.I.F.A. men talented and intelligent but lacking in penetrative power and unable to raise the speed of the game on the few occasions that the English rearguard creaked.

The F.I.F.A. forwards played too slowly, said many around me, yet still there were many good things to be seen if one knew where to look, and could be persuaded to forget the ball for a few seconds and concentrate on the players.

Kopa for example in the first-half—dropping back with Law in possession. The Scotsman squared the ball to Djalma Santos, and Kopa, with Wilson following moving first inside and then deep to rub shoulders with the coloured Brazilian, created a twenty-yard channel which ran right down the F.I.F.A. right flank. Like the good 'uns they are, Santos and Law both spotted the gap; Law raced into it, and as Moore moved over to cover, the Brazilian eased the ball through the centre to Di Stefano who was left clear in midfield.

Nothing came from this move it is true, but football at its best is made up of thousands of little moves like this from intelligent individuals, and when all eleven players are able to play their full part in the game all the thousands of little things like this dovetail to make a wondrous patchwork that we later refer to as Hungarian vintage '53 or R.M. 1960.

Everyone has their own views on the game but I'm sure that any who were fortunate enough to see these teams I have referred to, in the flesh, will be quick to agree with me. Of course, others will still be in disagreement.

Still waiting

I've been waiting a long time to see England return to this kind of football but being a patient man I've not yet given up all hope. I may live long enough to see it.

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The non-appearance of Garrincha and Pele

BOTAFOGO HAD

I AM writing this month's South American Commentary whilst still living in the pleasant rarified atmosphere of England's match against the Rest of the World at Wembley. It was, as I expect most World Soccer readers will have appreciated, although this aspect seems not to have been generally realised judging by much that I have seen of the before and after the match comments, the first match against the Rest of the *World*—previous "special occasions" have been honoured with matches against the Rest of Europe.

As it happened the non-appearances of Pelé and Garrincha reduced the non-European representation to two players—Djalma Santos of Brazil, right-back in the first half, and Luis Eyzaguirre of Chile the substitute for Santos in the second half. Both players, in their contrasting ways, did enough to amply justify their selection of course—and, in a match that abounded with charm and feeling beyond what was actually happening during the ninety minutes of play, supplied a pleasing picture of the wise and experienced player on the final pages of his soccer story stepping aside for the limelight to play awhile on his much younger, at the moment less wise but more thrustful, fellow South American.

The absence of Pelé and Garrincha did reduce the strength of the World team but it is difficult to accept that any other South American players would have more claim to a place than had the Europeans who were selected and played. The only advantage to have been gained from the inclusion of players as Marzolini and Artime of the Argentine—to give but two examples—would have been that the truly world-wide love of soccer was made more evident. However, in view of the difficulties concerning Garrincha and Pelé, the F.I.F.A. Selection Committee were probably wise to keep the non-European players selected at the minimum.

In the case of Garrincha there was the *excuse* at least that he was unfit. Since the 1962 World Cup finals the Brazilian winger has been out of action nearly as much as he has been in action and, at the distance, it has been difficult to keep in touch with his movements—as F.I.F.A. officials also discovered! I do know, however, that Garrincha was very much fit and in form for Botafogo in the League match they played against Sao Cristovao three weeks before he might have been leaving for England to report for the match of the Centenary—if not, of the century (we have had too many styled such!).

Sustained

I feel that what did happen was that Botafogo have been deprived of Garrincha's services so often this season because of injuries—including at least one sustained off the field of play in his minor car accident, that they were both reluctant to be without him for other reasons and fearful lest he was injured in the match at Wembley. They could moreover plead that Rio to London was a long journey to make by a player who might be found on arrival, or during training, to be unfit to play.

Sadly, one can find no similar excuses for Santos F.C.'s pointblank refusal to release Pelé. On the contrary, the circumstances of the Brazilian club's own visit to Europe to meet Milan in the World Championship for club sides a week before the Centenary match meant that Pelé, and the leading officials of his club, were already on Wembley's doorstep. Instead of taking advantage of this situation Santos, with their officials apparently upset by the defeat they had suffered in Milan, turned their backs on an occasion that I see the Moscow paper *Sovietsky Sport* rightly describes as being more important in a symbolic sense than as a football fixture, and scuttled back to Brazil.

Madureira line-up prior to the match in Cuba against Industriales which the Brazilians won 3-2. Included in the photograph are: Farha, Hilten, Bezerra, Vilanova, Odyr, Homero, Polxegalo, Jorge, Alfredinho, Batata and Alfredo. Madureira are second from bottom in the League championship now.

Approval

The reason proffered was an important club fixture in Brazil. No details appear to have been given about this or, at least, if they were I saw nothing. Digging and delving on my own account all I have discovered is that at their meeting late in September the Sao Paulo Football Federation approved the fixtures for the "Special" Division of their Championship League with the programme to commence on September 29 and to end on December 17. Allowances were made for Santos' two matches against Milan, fixed for October 16 in Milan and for November 13 at home. On October 24, that is one day after the Wembley match, Santos were scheduled to meet Portuguesa and that presumably was the all-important match that caused Santos to deny Pelé his chance of appearing in the World XI!

The overall Brazilian Football Federation appear not to have been brought officially into the squabble. The Sao Paulo Federation, at the same meeting at which the fixtures were approved, did sanction the release of both Pelé and Djalma Santos for the F.I.F.A. selection but on the understanding that no alteration would be made in the approved fixture list because of this. Thus the ball was hit firmly into Santos's court—if I may introduce a metaphor from another sport!—and Santos preferred to have Pelé in their side against Portuguesa rather than let him play at Wembley!

That, at any rate, appears to be the official story. I would be more prepared to accept it, whilst not even remotely prepared to support it, if Portuguesa were formidable opposition. But this is not the rather better-known Portuguesa of the Rio League of Brazil and nowadays about the only club approaching Santos's stature in the Sao Paulo region is Palmeiras—and that club Santos, in the cleverly arranged fixture list that is common in South America, are not due to meet until the final match of the championship on December 17!

Thus one comes to the conclusion that Santos' ban on Pelé was partly because of pique at the failure of Milan and largely that Santos *own* Pelé and are not prepared to donate his services. Neither they nor, once removed, Brazil apparently shared the Russian view (to quote further from *Sovietsky Sport's* comment) that "There is not a football-playing country which would not consider it its duty to express in one way or another appreciation to the originators of this great game." It is sad that the basest level of commercialism in football should have been touched by a club that wears the crown, and on the field of play deserves to wear it, of world club football—and sad that their European challengers, AC Milan, were equally guilty in their refusal to release Maldini and Rivera both of whom were wanted for no more than training, on the Thursday following the Wednesday match at Wembley, for their routine League match the following Sunday. Milan had no other fixture commitment.

Before leaving this tale of the leading anti-football clubs to return to some facts of the Rio League campaign in Brazil, two other impressions come to me. The first, factual and incidental, concerns the hoodoo that the San

for the Centenary match and why it was so . . .

A REASON FOR KEEPING HIM

Gordon Jeffery's South American commentary is concerned this month with Brazil

Siro Stadium seems to have in 1963 over Pelé and his team-mates whether of Brazil or Santos. In May Italy beat Brazil by three goals to nil; in June, Santos played first against Internazionale and then against AC Milan and lost both matches, two-nil and four-nil respectively; and now, in October, AC Milan again have beaten Santos 4-2! I suppose Santos, and Pelé who got both their goals—the second from the penalty spot three minutes from time, can feel some satisfaction in that at last they have started scoring in Milan!

The second impression has nothing to do with cold fact, nor is it incidental. As, after some of the crush had departed, we made our slow way from Wembley, as if reluctant to end the spell of a match that I am sure most of the hundred thousand had wished would never end, we paused to allow a coach to creep past. I looked up casually, almost straight into the deep, brooding eyes of Djalma Santos. I cannot really expect to see the great Santos in action again I suppose. May not indeed even see him again but his presence had taken away some of the bitter taste in the mouth left by club Santos' actions and, in his forty-five minute appearance Djalma Santos had well reminded us of Brazil's contribution to the development of soccer-playing. Now he had a very long journey from the coach outside of Wembley Stadium to reach home in Brazil. A long journey for forty-five minutes' football but I am sure he felt it to have been wondrously worthwhile.

Livening

Meantime, back in Brazil, the Rio Region (covering the Carioca Football Championship as distinct from Sao Paulo's Paulista Football Championship) are still thinking along ways of livening up their League matches by removing some of the dead wood that makes many results, too many of them, foregone conclusions. The most likely to be adopted of several suggestions is the one put forward before the new season opened by the Flamengo club. This would simply reduce the present thirteen-strong division to two divisions of seven clubs apiece with some element of relegation and promotion. In their fairly detailed proposals Flamengo, with last season's results as a guide and years of experience, set out the suggested seven for the top division—Botafogo, Flamengo, Fluminense, Vasco da Gama, Olaria, Bangu and America. In the second proposed division were the remaining six clubs, Bonsucesso, Portuguesa, Sao Cristovao, Campo Grande, Canto do Rio and Madureira, and room for an unknown seventh club. Just how broadly predictable are match-results

REPORT FROM SOUTH AMERICA

in Rio can be seen from the following table of the League positions as they were at the halfway mark.

	P	W	D	L	Pts.
Bangu	12	9	2	1	20
Botafogo	12	9	2	1	20
Fluminense	12	8	3	1	19
Flamengo	12	8	2	2	18
America	12	7	2	3	16
Vasco da Gama	11	5	2	4	12
Campo Grande	12	4	3	5	11
Sao Cristovao	12	5	1	6	11
Olaria	12	3	2	7	8
Portuguesa	12	1	4	7	6
Bonsucesso	12	1	3	8	5
Madureira	11	2	1	8	5
Canto do Rio	12	1	1	10	3

Garrincha was kept in Brazil by his club Botafogo even though he was among the original nominations for a place in the F.I.F.A. team at Wembley. (Planet.)

Six of last year's seven are still there in other words—Campo Grande "in" and Olaria "out" is the exception. If there is any surprise it is that Bangu took advantage of Botafogo's preoccupation with the South American Club Championship to gain a lead at the start that only approaching the halfway stage were Botafogo able to close. Partly of course, as I indicated earlier, Botafogo have been suffering from the frequent absences of Garrincha. He was in the team however for the match that ended the first half of the season against Sao Cristovao and opened the scoring for Botafogo after thirty-nine minutes' play with what the Brazilians called a "gol olimpic". Outside-left Jairzinho got Botafogo's second goal thirteen minutes from the end and Sao Cristovao failed to score. On the same afternoon Fluminense and Flamengo met in another of the seemingly endless Flam and Flum "derbies" and the result was the almost inevitable nil-nil!

On Average

Goals indeed have been far from plentiful in Rio League matches this season—slightly less than three being scored on average in each match. Bangu with twenty-eight and Botafogo with twenty-seven have scored most—Bonsucesso with three, the least. The two leading goalscorers however come not from Bangu and Botafogo but from Fluminense and Flamengo respectively—Manoel with ten goals and Airton with nine. Quarentinha with eight is Botafogo's top marksman whilst Bianchini and Mateus of Bangu have each scored seven. Celio of Vasco da Gama has also scored seven, and Parada of Bangu and Luiz Carlos of Olaria have each scored six.

The second half of the League season is now under way but the vital matches seem likely to be played over the last six weeks—roughly from around the time this issue is on sale until Christmas. It is with six matches to play that Fluminense and Botafogo meet and, on the same day, Flamengo and America. Botafogo and Bangu meet the following week, and America-Fluminense and Bangu-Flamengo one week later. In the penultimate fixture, Fluminense and Bangu meet and America and Botafogo and, of course, on the final day it is Flamengo v. Fluminense again! The advantage of Flamengo's "reforms" begins to seem obvious!

Postscript

Santos F.C. lost their match against Portuguesa by three goals to two—and Pele and his team-mate are reported to have exchanged blows as they came off the field. Dorval has been heavily fined by his club. Pele no doubt wished more than ever that he had been at Wembley!

In next month's issue one of the matches I will be dealing with will be the Argentina-Paraguay game, details of which arrived just too late for any comment on or reference to in this particular issue.

This match together with the report of the second leg of the Milan-Santos game for the World Club Cup championship, in which Milan had a 4-2 win on the first game, will be two of the items for special mention in the South American Commentary for the January issue, together, naturally, with the latest happenings at club and international level in the Latin sphere of influence.

July, 1963 proved a month to remember for French and English players

In the photograph above Raymond Kopa trains at the Stamford Bridge Ground, Chelsea before he played against England for F.I.F.A. He played for an hour before being substituted by Uwe Seeler. It was probably his last ever international appearance. (Planet.)

Players' Freedom

by Roger Macdonald

REVOLUTION THAT SPRANG FROM TWO INCIDENTS

Raymond Kopa and George Eastham the key figures

WHEN Raymond Kopa strode reluctantly from the field during the second-half of that superlative game at Wembley, the crowd had almost certainly seen his last appearance in an international side. For Kopa stated quite categorically after the match that he no longer wished to be considered for French international matches.

Suspended for two weeks by the French Football Association because of his "indiscreet" remarks about a disagreement with team-manager Verriest, with a six-month suspended sentence for his articles on the status of a French professional footballer hanging over his head, Kopa's courage is being tested severely in the latest crisis of his career. But the man who has known great tragedy in his personal life, who has doggedly refused to be beaten by repeated injury, is determined not to give way on an issue of principle. Because he has nothing to gain personally, because he is spurred on by disinterested ideological motives, because he is the finest French footballer of all time, Raymond Kopa has been able to start a revolution almost single-handed. He has stormed the Bastille.

France-Dimanche

The new *révolution Française* began in a leading French paper, *France-Dimanche*, which is not noted for unsupported sensationalism and does not cater emphatically for a sport-conscious public. So when Kopa wrote *"les joueurs professionels sont les esclaves"* (Professional footballers are slaves) the French League proved particularly sensitive. The truth hurt, and it hurt still more when it was published in a non-sporting journal with a huge circulation.

This is how the article begins:

"Today, in the middle of the twentieth century, the professional footballer is the only man who can be bought and sold without any say in the matter. Kopa gives his own professional career as an example, and relates how he was sold before he reached his majority and how his father, knowing nothing of the regulations, made him the property of a club until his thirty-fifth birthday, for which he received 100,000-odd francs. The famous Reims' star cites at the same time the instance of his transfer to Real Madrid for 52 million francs, of which he did not touch a halfpenny."

Kopa wrote two articles, the second on players' conditions. When he was called before a Commission of the League on July 29, it was significant that the second article was ignored—the facts were incontestable. The Commission were hard-pressed to find fault with the first article, and eventually they asked him merely to withdraw the word "esclaves" (slaves). Kopa refused. Monsieur Bertrand, his legal adviser and solicitor for the French Professional Footballers' Association, quoted the standard definition of a slave: *"une chose qu'on vend . . . dont on dispose absoluement"*—"something which one sells . . . which one can dispose of absolutely"—and pointed to article 23 in the third chapter of the French League regulations:

The club that wishes to acquire the services of a player retained but on the transfer list is obliged to approach not the player, but the club that has him under contract. It is only after the two clubs have agreed terms that the conditions that concern the player personally may be discussed.

Had he made his point? The Commission's half-hearted suspension seemed to indicate that he had.

Retain and transfer

Kopa's personal campaign in France seems even more significant when it is placed within the context of a great soccer revolution. The sporting newspaper "Goles" of Buenos Aires came out strongly in favour of players' rights. Their leader proclaimed:

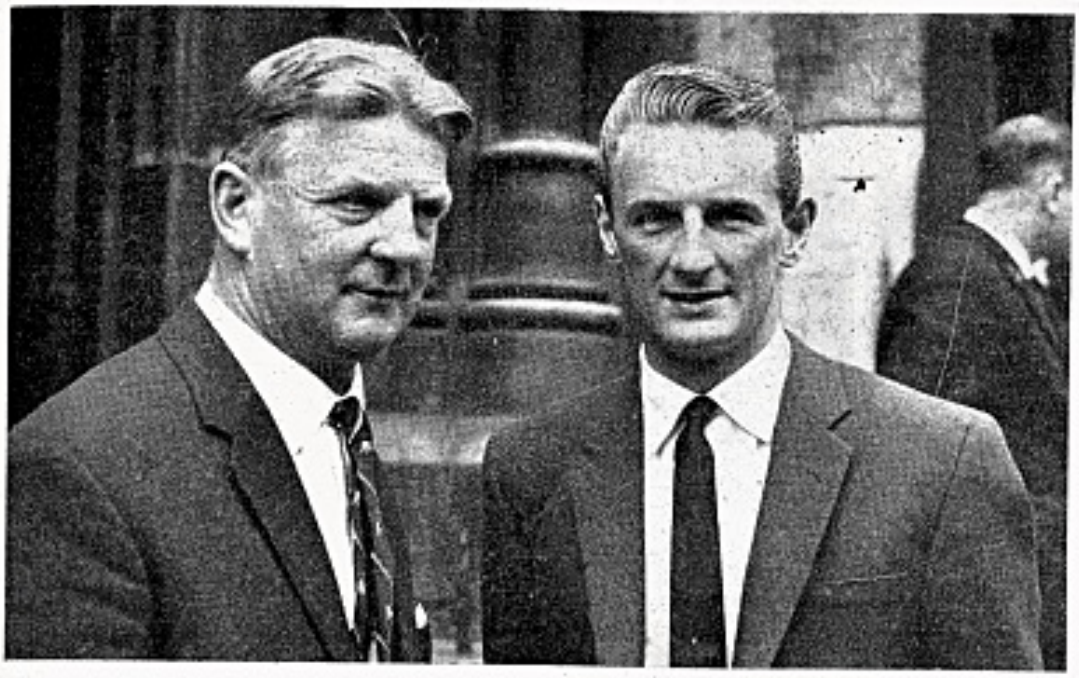
In football, plain speaking is a delight to see. French directors angry but they cannot place the blame elsewhere. Kopa suspended for having denounced the "slave-traders."

M. Blanplain, Professor of Law at Louvain University in Belgium has written that the Belgian contract is null and void in the eyes of the law. German players and officials have been agitating for a change in the rule that restricts transfers to a few weeks and in the rigid system of registration which is the retain and transfer clause in everything but name.

Spanish newspapers have recalled the farcical situation of Di Stefano's arrival in 1953, when Real Madrid and Barcelona had both come to an agreement with Millionarios, his club *de facto*, and River Plate, his club *de jure*. Charlton Athletic were deprived of Eddie Firmani's services at the beginning of the season because of his transfer from Genoa to Lazio *without his consent*. Gerry Hitchens was probably more surprised than anyone else to discover that he was to move from Inter to Torino.

The strikes in Uruguay and Argentina during the 1940s have come close to being repeated during the present decade in England and France. Last season the French P.F.A., under the leadership of Just Fontaine, threatened to put a stop to first the England-France international and then the full League programme, unless their Union was recognised.

But the greatest issue revolves around players' contracts. George



Cliff Lloyd (left) Secretary of the Professional Footballers' Association after judgment at the Law Courts on July 4. With him is George Eastham the Arsenal and England inside-forward. (P.A.I.)

Eastham and Mr. Justice Wilberforce struck a great blow for freedom on July 4 in the High Court. The judge granted the ex-Newcastle player a declaration to the effect that:

The combined retain and transfer system was an unjustifiable restraint of trade . . . it was an employers' system, established in an industry where the employers had succeeded in setting up a monolithic front throughout the world.

The Football League subsequently announced that they were not going to contest the declaration. On the face of it, it seems incredible that the retain and transfer system had not collapsed long ago. As far back as 1899 the Football Association issued a circular on the transfer of players which maintained that:

When clubs require payment of sums of money before they will consent to the players entering into agreement with other clubs, it is submitted that there is an interference with the rights of players, contrary to the rules of the Football Association and also to the terms of the agreement into which the players have entered.

In 1911-12 came the famous case of Lawrence Kingaby versus Aston Villa F.C., an attempt on the part of the Players' Union to test the validity of the system on behalf of one of its players. Lawrence Kingaby claimed that he had lost employment because his club had charged an excessive transfer-fee. The judge ruled that the . . .

. . . Plaintiff had no cause of action, even if the fee was excessive, as the course taken by the defendants was justified by the terms of the employment.

But the most significant aspect of the affair only emerged in the Football League's Jubilee History of 1938, where it was admitted that "Mr. Shearman, who was afterwards briefed for the defence, *had actually given his opinion* on a case submitted to him by the Players' Union *that the system was contrary to law.* At a conference . . . Mr. Shearman explained his difficulty, whereupon he was bluntly told that he clearly had not grasped the scheme and, as he himself phrased it, did not understand the law applying to it." (My italics). One cannot help drawing the conclusion from this curious *volte-face* that, even in a less enlightened era, the Football League had had to work extraordinarily hard to secure a decision in its favour.

Trouble ahead?

Some four years ago the late Arthur Drewry and Joe Richards wrote jointly to the *Observer* to say that the Football Association and the Football League had always understood that the agreement between club and player was not enforceable by law. Apart from their curiously lose interpretation of the word "always", this statement made one wonder how the authorities could continue to justify their refusal to change the regulations. But refuse they did, and even the High Court decision has brought only a very unsatisfactory alteration in the agreement:

Agreement may be for any period of time; the period however to be clearly stated in the agreement. Every agreement shall provide for an option to extend the period of service at the termination of the agreement. Such option shall make provision for the player to continue in the service of the club at terms not less favourable than those which were in force at the termination of the agreement, unless the player agrees to accept less favourable terms.

This means that a club may exercise its option and retain a player; or exercise its option and put him on the transfer list at his present pay; or permit the player to go without transfer fee. Its only real concession to the footballer is the guarantee of wages.

The failure to give an equal option to the players suggests that this is just a way of evading the law. The players are unlikely to be satisfied until they secure complete freedom. A possible solution would be much longer contracts, with a system of compensation (paid by a player's new club) to a club losing one of its "assets", and regulated by the Football League. One cannot possibly accept Alan Hardaker's gloomy prediction of anarchy without testing an unrestrained transfer system over a reasonable period.

Trouble lies ahead if the authorities do not give way. The P.F.A. of England and France are in a position to make their voices heard. Jimmy Hill, ex-President of the English Union, has the ear of the managers by virtue of his position at Coventry. The French Union, headed by Messrs. Fontaine and Bertrand, has made a strong bid to take over the administration of O.G.C. Nice. There is a projected international assembly where the Unions of Holland and West Germany will be in attendance.

The freedom movement is still gaining momentum. Even if the grand Football League compromise gains a breathing space in England, it is rapidly becoming apparent in France that no real improvement in the players' lot can come as long as the French League stand by a statute denying them the rights of ordinary citizens, and that only recourse to a civil court can force them to change their attitude. The resistance of Eastham and Kopa, like the original storming of the Bastille, did not cause the Revolution. But as in 1789, it may well become its symbol.

Footnote

An arbitration meeting between representatives of the Football League and the Players Association at the Ministry of Labour was pending as this issue closed for press. Both sides were hoping for a settlement to clear up the differences still existing between them.

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League of Ireland Shield match with Shamrock Rovers defeating Waterford 3-1 at Milltown. (I.I.)

A MEMORABLE PERIOD IN HISTORY

EIRE ROUND-UP by Tom Muldowney

RATHER dizzily do I attempt a review of the sensational events experienced here since last we met between the covers of WORLD SOCCER.

The period under the microscope was easily the most memorable in the history of Irish soccer. This factual statement flows freely from the pen of every sporting scribe in this Isle of laughing green, suddenly saturated in success. In short, the Republic never had it so good.

Although out of the European Cup, Dundalk had the distinction of registering the first win by League of Ireland champions in this gold-laden competition. Shamrock Rovers held much vaunted Valencia, while Barcelona were unimpressive defeating depleted Shelbourne.

Challenged

The League of Ireland notched their first-ever win over the English League in a series that started back in 1947. And to complete the glut of glory the Republic entered the quarter-finals of the European Nations' Cup after two bruising brawls that was as unedifying a spectacle as ever witnessed outside the Roman amphitheatre.

Last month I disputed prediction that this season would be the greatest. I reiterate my statement, confined as it is to the bread and butter diet of week-end home football; despite International, Inter-league and Euroclub success, in the reflected glory of which all Ireland bask.

Home football makes possible Republic's International status. An excellent reason, if one was needed, for considering locals for inclusion. Time was when a few part-timers challenged. Not so now. Shamrock Rovers' John Fullam plays better than McGrath, McEvoy and Brady, successful though the big Queens Park Ranger was on his debut. Tuohy, Whelan, who scored the golden goal against the sassenach and amateur Browne performed with distinction at Vienna and are worthy of inclusion. All things equal the homesters should receive preference.

I have digressed. The power-play of the big-time was in contrast to the mediocrity of Rovers, Shelbourne and Dundalk when facing each other, or less exalted colleagues in City Cup and Shield encounters. Missing was determination, bite and will-to-win so obvious against foreigners.

Hence the absence of hysteria surrounding Austria's visit, when Shamrocks faced Drumcondra in the City final, the first major trophy of the new season. Where then were the "gate-breakers" the many who moaned that Dalymount was too small; crowd control and conditions inadequate. I do not condone disorder. Merely make the point that one swallow will never make a summer.

I entered the ground ten minutes past start. Only blazing floodlights were indicative of activity. Phisboro's pylons were the only bright feature of a game spoiled by an inordinate amount of aimless kicking. So much for the golden era envisaged by a leading legislator who naturally looked beyond happenings at home.

Certainly the Republic's representatives sent stock soaring. A Gullivers Travel time has arrived with the midget, soccer-wise Republic in the role of Gulliver and the little people of Austria, Switzerland and Ramseyland paying homage. Prospectives are a long way out. Sure, who cares! At last, the spotlight beams on a nation with limited resources, often losers in the club-country call, unfairly divided, who for far too long has languished in soccer's shadow.

Tension

Zurich was first aboard the merry-go-round that blew a wind of excitement, tension, thrills and finally drama through Dublin's fair city. Overcrowded with an influx of football fanatics who increased in size and stature with each succeeding success.

Dundalk's downfall gave no hint of what lay ahead. Indeed those who saw Dundalk dither at Dalymount will never understand how they outscored Zurich and nearly forced a play-off. Two up when one-armed Hasty shattered the wood. Drumcondra's Fairs' Cup conquest of Odense was the break-through. Through the gap went Dundalk to an historic victory. Yet they received scant scope from scribes accustomed to reviews of glorious defeat.

Strange

Far away places with names not now so strange sounding, no longer frighten part-timers. No surprise then when Rovers led Valencia 2-0 and gave them a football lesson in the process. The draw result put "Hoops" out of the hunt but did not alter the upward swing of Ireland's football pendulum. Still in sunny Spain where Shelbourne fielded without Strahan and lost Corrigan early on; manfully they struggled against Barcelona to lose the game and win Spanish hearts.

As always good wine is kept till last. Club conquest paled into insignificance when compared with the League of Ireland's win over the English League. Highlight here was Darcy's dive to save Byrne's penalty. "The ball hit an upright before I grabbed it" said the modest man, rescued from the limbo of the lost by Drumcondra after five goal-stopping years with Rovers.

"Dream draw"

Austria's visit brought the merry-go-round to an abrupt halt. It's to be hoped that what was gained will not be lost on the swings. In the midst of joyous entry into the quarter-finals of the European Nations' Cup, and the awful possibility of a "dream draw" with the "other Ireland," the Republic waited for a word. But it was not so.

The Austrian affair may produce a rap. Gates were broken; crowds lined the touchlines and behind both goals. Every time Ireland scored, players were engulfed as the pitch was invaded. Enthusiasm that contrary to malicious report was not dangerous. Despite the efforts of a visiting official to have the game stopped. It was simply a case of too many people, too little space and too few stewards. Lessons were learned and repetition unlikely.

CHATHAM CUP GOES AGAIN TO UNITED

NORTH SHORE HAVE AN ENVIABLE RECORD

writes D. D. M. STEWART

THE victory by North Shore United in New Zealand's Chatham Cup soccer competition stamps that club as undeniably the best in the country. The Chatham Cup follows the same club's convincing victory in the Rothmans Championship Cup competition.

North Shore United has posted an enviable record in Chatham Cup play over the last five seasons, winning it in 1960 and 1963, and finishing runner-up to Northern of Dunedin in 1959 and 1961. In the other year, 1962, North Shore lost to the eventual winner, Hamilton Technical, in an earlier round.

This year's competition was all North Shore, and the team was actually winning its later matches by wider margins than in the early rounds. In fact, the domination of the Auckland teams was so complete that the only teams which pressed North Shore were two other teams from the Auckland province.

North Shore's closest call was against Eastern Union of Gisborne in the fourth round. The Gisborne team, from a numerically very small association, has shown great strength in recent seasons because of the progressive policy of its directors in sponsoring good British players as immigrants to New Zealand. Unfortunately, as far as the club itself is concerned, most of these men have since left Gisborne for the larger centres and the better soccer in Auckland.

Eastern Union, led by former Irish international Terry McCavana in the centre-half position, actually held North Shore to two-all at full-time in the fourth-round meeting, but the Aucklanders piled on a further two goals in the extra time to earn the right to progress further. Giving good support to McCavana were the hard-working teenage forward Ronnie Mulrooney, Welshman and New Zealand representative Trevor Pugh (who was played strangely out of position), and Ian Gillies. Had Pugh been played inside instead of on the left wing, his team may well have won this match.

Favoured

This competition is open to every club side in New Zealand, no matter what its standing. Inevitably, there are the occasional upsets of "big-name" teams by those lesser favoured. One such this year was the fourth-round defeat of the Cup-holders, Hamilton Technical, by the little-known Kahukura team from Rotorua. Last year Hamilton Technical had caused a sensation by being the first team from outside the four main centres to take the coveted Chatham Cup. Kahukura, however, lasted little longer before going down to defeat by Blockhouse Bay, an Auckland city side, in the next round.

The winners from the two Islands meet in the final at Wellington's Basin Reserve ground, traditional place for the holding of the final of this forty-year-old competition. North Shore's opponents there were Christchurch Nomads, rather surprise finalists who had beaten Northern of Dunedin in a semi-final. Nomads, led by the former Scot George Donaldson, and featuring the acrobatic Derek Chapman in goal, were a solid side without any great goal-scoring power in the forward line. Northern had been given a shock in the preceding round by the team from Otematata, playing in the competition for the first time. Otematata is the home of the workers on the vast Benmore power project, and these naturally include a lot of migrants from Europe, some of them skilled at soccer. The massive centre-half J. Martens and goalkeeper A. Swiers proved a stumbling-block to Northern for most of the match.

In the grand final, as expected, Ken Armstrong's North Shore men proved just a little bit too good for Nomads. A hard-hitting forward line and a solid defence kept the game safe for the Aucklanders.

Results of the last rounds of this competition were:

Fourth round: North Shore (Auckland) 4, Eastern Union (Gisborne) 2; Papatoetoe (Franklin) 2, Otorangei United (Northland) 0; Kahukura (Rotorua) 2, Hamilton Technical 1; Blockhouse Bay (Auckland) 12, Whakatane Town 0.

Fifth round: North Shore 8, Papatoetoe 1; Blockhouse Bay 3, Kahukura 1; Wanganui United 6, Moturoa (New Plymouth) 4; Nomads (Christchurch) 7, Thistle (Timaru) 0; Northern (Dunedin) 3, Otematata 1.

Quarter-finals: North Shore 3, Blockhouse Bay 2; Wellington Marist 3, Wanganui United 1; Nomads 3, Nelson Rangers 1; Northern 4, Thistle (Invercargill) 1.

Semi-finals: North Shore 9, Wellington Marist 2; Nomads 3, Northern 0.

Final: North Shore 3, Nomads 1.

Different

A record unique in New Zealand soccer has been set up this season by a young Christchurch player, Franko Madrussen. Now aged sixteen, Madrussen has in the current season played for Canterbury province in four different grades — the senior representative side and the under-20, under-18 and under-16 teams.

Born in Italy, Madrussen came to New Zealand at an early age, and has been attending Xavier College in Christchurch. He has previously played with distinction for the Canterbury under-12 and under-14 teams, and has gained South Island selection in a number of the under-age sections.

Madrussen was playing his first season of premier division football with Christchurch Technical this season and was placed straight into the senior representative side for its northern tour and important matches against Auckland and Wellington.

In his very full representative season in 1963, Madrussen has filled a variety of positions from left full-back to inside-left. He is a player of obvious talent and much skill, and undoubtedly has a great future in the game.

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Reluctant Debutant and Junior Partner

IT seems a paradox that the political manoeuvres of modern Europe, so frequently a cause of disruption in international football, should in their turn bring a Communist country into contact with Western Europe for the first time. Albania, so long the junior partner of the Warsaw pact, has set her face against the di-Stalinisation of the Soviet bloc. In football terms, this has caused a sharp decrease in international fixtures. To fill the vacuum Albania has turned to China, and, with bad grace one feels, to the tournaments at club and international level inaugurated in Western Europe. In the last two seasons she has become a reluctant debutante in the testing circle of big-time football.

ALBANIA

by Roger Macdonald

But even now, with visits to Norrkoping and Copenhagen behind her, precious little is known about Albanian soccer. As Gordon Jeffery no doubt discovered in writing his new book*, the remoteness of Albania has tended to hinder both the progress of her football and the investigations of statisticians. This political and cultural backwater of Europe, with its inhospitable mountains, violent winds, large variations in temperature and thunderstorms has fashioned a race more concerned with survival than with recreation.

It is perhaps surprising, therefore, that footballs began to appear, as in Rumania, about the turn of the century—at least according to a pre-War Swiss Guide Book of questionable accuracy. However the Turkish overlords regarded soccer as an excuse for subversive activities, and the game was vigorously suppressed. A few foreign residents at Tirana did begin a sort of Saturday afternoon league a decade afterwards, but they left hurriedly when the Balkan Wars flared up in 1912-13, and all sport was abandoned. Later, World War I saw Albania in the thick of the fighting.

British and Italian troops helped the country to recover from the ravages of war, and in so doing re-introduced the game to Tirana and to the towns in the South. The arrival of engineers from the Anglo-Persian Oil Company in 1925 helped to stimulate interest, and matches were arranged against rival companies from Italy and France. About this time the National Education Committee (the *Enti Kombëtar Gëlmenie Shqiptare*) was founded to deal with the physical, moral, and civil education of Albania, including organised games. But the inclusion of soccer in the school curriculum for the first time since Albanian independence from Turkey (1912) did not indicate stability and security; the government was overthrown in 1925 and 1928, and progress was slow.

The accession of King Zog I following the second revolution led to an era of increased prosperity, and inevitably to the promotion of sport and recreation. Influenced by the soccer-conscious Italians, the Albanians formed a National Football Association in 1930, which held its first meeting on June 6th. For five years each major town had its own league, but in 1936 improvements in communications (a new road and 19 miles of railway!) enabled an Albanian League to be inaugurated, extending over the whole country.

Strained

Albania's affiliation to F.I.F.A. in 1932 was intended to be a prelude to her participation in the 1934 World Cup. Unfortunately troop manoeuvres by the Greeks to the South-East and increased economic pressure from Mussolini strained relations almost to breaking point, and the project was rendered abortive soon after its creation. It was only by agreeing to extensive Italian demands that Albania preserved nominal independence until 1939. By this time a series of insurrections had caused the League to be abandoned, and football lapsed once again during the military occupation that prevailed for the duration of the War.

The People's Rebellion against the Fascists became the People's Republic in 1946, when Albania disappeared silently behind the Iron Curtain. But the Russian steamroller had at least ironed out the interminable Balkan disputes of pre-War days, and the Albanians were able to offer Tirana as the venue for the latest Balkan Cup—a competition from which they had been excluded in earlier times.

Bulgaria opened the programme with a 2-2 draw against Rumania on October 2—not, one would have thought, the best way to stimulate interest in the tournament for *Albanian* spectators—and then, five days later, Albania made her international debut against Yugoslavia. Her 3-2 defeat seemed to make her slim prospects of an overall victory even slimmer, but the Albanian players thought otherwise. On October 9 they beat Bulgaria more easily than the 3-1 score suggests, and 48 hours later were overjoyed when Rumania brought off a shock 2-1 win against the Yugoslavs.

With better stage-management the Albanian F.A. arranged for the final games at the People's Stadium to be played on the same day, October 13, one after the other. Yugoslavia beat Bulgaria by 2 goals to 1, completing her programme with 4 points from 3 games and 6 goals For with 5 Against. Albania, with 2 points and a goal record of 5-4, needed only to win by a single goal to pip Yugoslavia for the trophy. This she did, beating Rumania 1-0, after a tense finish in which the Rumanians—for whom victory was equally important—hit the woodwork twice but to no avail.

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts.
Albania	3	2	0	1	6	4	4
Yugoslavia	3	2	0	1	6	5	4
Rumania	3	1	1	1	4	4	3
Bulgaria	3	0	1	2	4	7	1

Albania's successful team was reported to be Riza Lushta, Aristotel Samsuri, Besim Fagu, Loro Borici, Xhevdet Shaqiri, Muhamet Vila, Sllave Llambi, Skënder Jareci, Sulejman Maliqati, Gani Merja, Aleko Polika. They must all have been on strike or on army manoeuvres during the 1947 Balkan Cup, for Albania lost all her four matches and with them the trophy. The competition had been extended to include Hungary, and the rules altered to permit venues to be decided by lot (two matches at home and two away for each competitor) instead of one country acting as hosts to the remainder:

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts.
Hungary	4	4	0	0	18	2	8
Yugoslavia	4	3	0	1	11	7	6
Rumania	4	2	0	2	8	8	4
Bulgaria	4	1	0	3	5	14	2
Albania	4	0	0	4	2	13	0

Albania's record improved considerably, however, between May 1948 and June 1950. She was only beaten twice in nine games, and achieved a notable victory over Rumania in Bucharest. But the Balkan Cup faded into history with Yugoslavia's withdrawal from the *Cominform*, and Albania dutifully broke off diplomatic relations together with the remainder of the Soviet bloc. Her goalless draw at Belgrade on 27th June, 1948, proved to be her first and last visit to her northern neighbour.

In 1949 Albania's national eleven made their first tour of Eastern Europe, drawing twice and losing once by the odd goal—not at all discouraging. This prompted their Association to repeat the experiment at the end of the 1949-50 season, and they arranged matches at Prague, Budapest and Bucharest. But this time they had bitten off

At present only China seems prepared to entertain Albanian opposition in friendly matches: Albania has paid two visits to Pekin, and in 1961 an eleven from the Chinese capital visited Tirana and won 3-0 against what was virtually the national side. Albania has the facilities to stage attractive fixtures—the People' Stadium, holding 40,000, is well served by a trunk road from the centre of the city—and the average attendance of 25,000 at Balkan Cup games indicates that the public is willing to pay to see top-class competitive football. Unfortunately for them, the 14,000 genuine amateurs and the handful of state-assisted professionals, the present régime is as hostile to the democracies as it is to the anti-Stalin Soviet. There is little prospect of the drab red and black colours of the National Side appearing regularly in Western Europe.

In his autobiography "Life Worth Living" (Eyre & Spottiswoode, 1939) the late C. B. Fry, whose accomplishments, academic, athletic and political, stamped him as a most remarkable man in any generation, recounted the story of how he all but became King of Albania. It was just after the first World War, and Prince K. S. Ranjitsinhji, his close friend and England Test match colleague, recommended him to the Albanian authorities, who were on the look out for a King at that time; preferably the English country gentleman type with £10,000 a year! Had this splendid tale been taken to its rightful conclusion there can be no doubt that Fry would have wasted no time in improving the quality of football in Albania and that the game would have benefited from his immense enthusiasm and experience. Fry, an international full-back, starred for the almost legendary Corinthians around the turn of the century and won a Cup Final medal with Southampton in 1902. Fry, alas, became a British representative at the League of Nations and one can only surmise what might have happened had the Albanian royal post been pursued! In the article on this page Roger Macdonald analyses progress which has taken place, albeit belatedly. (P.A.I.)

more than they could chew. Czechoslovakia's 3-0 victory still flattered the visitors, and when they took on the full Hungarian eleven the deficit was no less than twelve! Puskas was on top form, scoring five goals, and the poor Albanians ran round in circles the whole afternoon.

The final result of the tour was Rumania 6 Albania 0, and for the Albanian F.A.—since March 1949 merged with the *Komitit Kulturës Fizike e Sportive te Republiko Popullore te Shqiperisë*†—this was the last straw. It was two years before Albania risked another sortie on to the international field. This time Czechoslovakia were the opposition, comprising mainly Spartak Stalingrad players, who were beaten 2-1 and 3-2 despite dominating play in midfield. Good shooting brought another victory in 1953, 2-0 against Poland at Tirana, but this was their last match until East Germany's visit in 1958. Albania drifted further and further away from the new Party line, refusing to violate the old image of Stalin, and other Eastern European Associations ceased to extend or accept invitations—except occasionally at club level.

East Germany are the only nation to visit Albania officially since 1953, during what proved to be an unavailing attempt at a "rapprochement" by the Soviet Union. Yet Albania showed little sign of relenting in her attitude towards the rest of Europe. In 1956, when 29 countries sent 74 delegates to the second general meeting of the U.E.F.A., only the Albanian F.A. and the Saar (then in the process of integration with the West German F.A.) were missing.

Meanwhile domestic football continued to make progress. In 1947 the Albanian League was re-started, with eight clubs taking part, as follows: Skanderbeg from Koritsa (Kórice), near the Greek border; Biesa from Kruje; Wilsanija from Scutari (Shköder), the second city; Flamituri from Valona (Vlonë), the nearest port to Italy; Locomotive from Durazzo (Durrës), with its famous harbour; and three from Tirana (Tiranë), the capital: 17th Niendori, Partizan and Dynamo.

Skanderbeg are the only survivors from the pre-War League, a club named after the national hero Georgio Kastriota, who led a successful Christian revolt against the Turks in the fifteenth century. He had previously so distinguished himself as a Moslem in Turkish service that he acquired the name Skanderbeg after Alexander the Great.

The other clubs, as one might expect, are creations of the new regime. 17th Niendori are so-called because they were founded on 17th November, 1946; "Lokomotiv," "Partizani" and "Dinamo" derive from correspondingly new organisations in Russia, Hungary and Yugoslavia respectively. The last two have dominated the Championship, Partizan—the club of the Albanian Army—enjoying the upper hand, with victories to their credit in 1947, 1948, 1949, 1954, 1958, 1959, 1961 and 1962. Although officially formed in 1946, their origins go back to the mid-1930's.

Absurdity

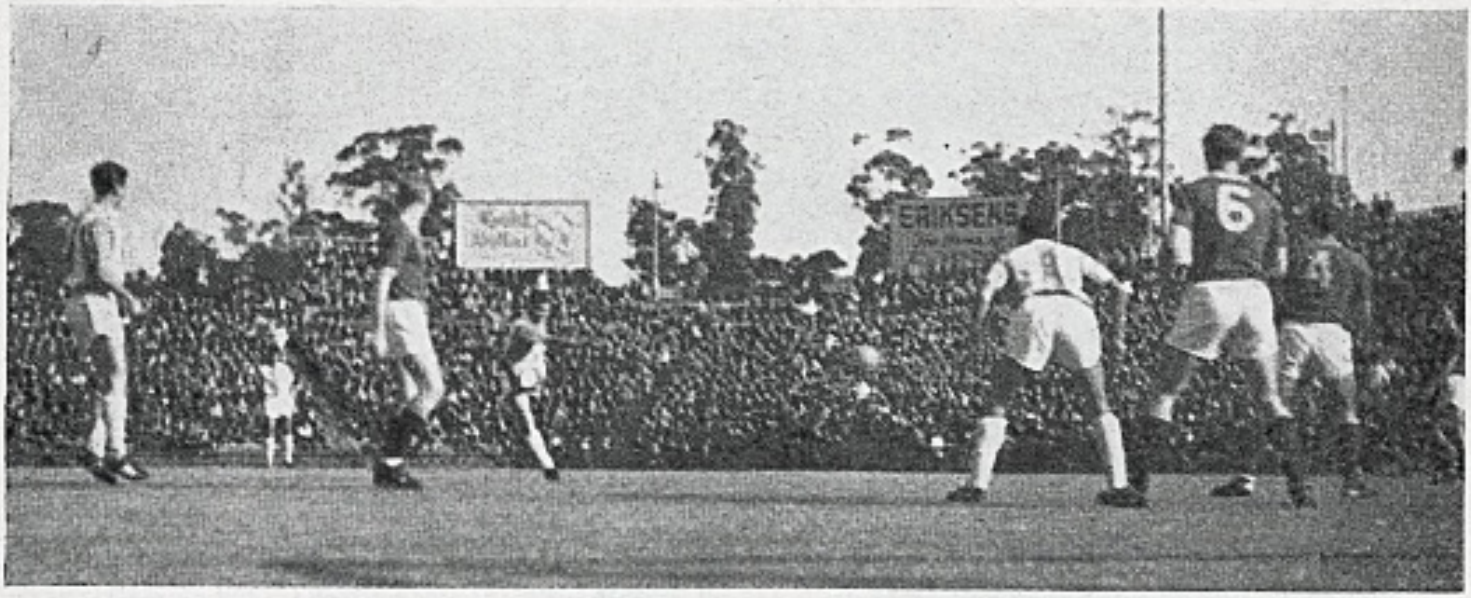
Increased isolation emphasised the importance of the Albanian League as the premier competition, but attendances slumped when preoccupation with defence turned into complete stagnation—what the French describe as *fruste avec défense renforcée*. Partizan had captured the cream of Albanian talent, and the remaining clubs concentrated on avoiding defeat—above all, at home. The height of absurdity was reached in the fourteenth National Championship (1958), when 17th Niendori achieved third place with 1 defeat, 4 victories, and no less than 9 draws. Their goal totals—each team played 14 games—were a miserable 15 For and 9 Against, figures scarcely indicative of attractive football. The all-conquering Partizan scored only 27 goals, while Georgio Kastriota would not have been particularly impressed by the audacity of his "team of heroes," Skanderbeg: they managed just 9 goals during the season, and still finished fifth! There were 40 draws in 128 matches—an average of almost 1 in 3.

The F.A.'s solution was a curious one. They increased the number of League clubs to twelve, and transferred several of Partizan's best players to Dynamo, the club subsidised by Police Funds. As a result Dynamo jumped from fourth to top position in the League, and won 13 matches in succession, leaving a sadly depleted Partizan 7 points in arrears. Inevitably this had repercussions at Party Headquarters, and the following season the "guest" players were restored to their former club—and with them went Dynamo's new-found monopoly.

● *Continued on page 38*

ALBANIA'S INTERNATIONAL RECORD

Opponents	Results					
Bulgaria	3–1 (h)	0–2 (a)	0–0 (a)	2–1 (h)		
Czechoslovakia	0–3 (a)	3–2 (h)	2–1 (h)			
Denmark	0–4 (a)	— (h)				
E. Germany ...	1–1 (h)					
Hungary	0–3 (a)	0–0 (h)	0–12 (a)			
Poland	1–2 (a)	0–0 (h)	2–0 (h)			
Rumania	1–0 (h)	0–4 (h)	1–0 (a)	1–1 (a)	1–4 (h)	0–6 (a)
Yugoslavia	2–3 (h)	2–4 (h)	0–0 (a)			



South Africa against Cerro, the Uruguayan tourists and a goalmouth incident involving the following South African players (dark shirts): left to right: E. Wiggill, F. Kalk (6) and H. Hauser (4). In Norman D. Reich's review of the African scene, the last two named are discussed in some detail. (O)

THE BLACKEST SEASON YET FOR SOUTHERN RHODESIA

IF black is in fact a complete absence of colour as the physicists would have us believe, then Southern Rhodesia is going through its blackest season yet.

Rows across the conference table are at last being felt on the field of play. Since 1957, Southern Rhodesia has held the coveted Levy Cup — played off over two legs annually between North and South Rhodesians — but this year, Southern came a cropper.

Northern Rhodesia, with a stable level-headed F.A. at the helm, have gone from strength to strength with each slip of their next door neighbours.

The first leg at Chingola's Gabbitas Stadium ended in a 1-1 draw — a game in which the football was nothing to write home about. Both sides made changes for the second encounter at Luanshya's Kafubu Stadium on August 13. North's steady left-back, McAlpine, was injured in the first leg and was replaced by Ndhlovu coming into the half-back line and Oliver moving to full-back. Southern Rhodesia seemingly reached for panic stations. Centre-forward Mkwesha and right-half Kendal were out and Alvord and Lazarus were in in a completely reshuffled side.

Before a sizeable crowd of over 5,000, the North got going quickly and tested Sheasby early on. But in the twenty-sixth minute, Finch was on hand to pick up a bobbing ball in the penalty area and slam the visitors into the lead.

Jackie Sewell, ex of England, engineered a quick equaliser. A good solo dribble ended with a neat side flick to Pencil who had Sheasby bending to his sorry task. In the thirty-eighth minute, it was Sewell again who started off a goal. A brilliant shot rebounded from the dazed Sheasby and there was Laing to smash home a great goal. Steadily, Northern Rhodesia got on top. But just after the interval, Southerns had a purple patch. Williams went brilliantly down to scoop away from Richard and then only just managed to flick a rebound from the bar away to safety with Finch harrying. That was the end of matters as far as Williams was concerned. Goals from Mizzi and Laing completed a 5-2 aggregate win for the Northern Rhodesians.

★ *African spotlight* ★
conducted by
NORMAN D. REICH

For Northern Rhodesia, it was another addition to an extremely successful season. They drew with Dundee United 2-2 and lost narrowly 3-4 and have now beaten arch rivals Southern Rhodesia on 5-2 aggregate. The season's record can be rounded off with wins against Katanga and Nyasaland to give the North a most successful 1963 run. Already, the team to play Nyasaland on the Copperbelt has been announced. It shows only one change from that which beat the South. Albert Heylens, skipper of Nchanga Rangers, replaces his team-mate, Gavin Laing. The side is: Williams (City of Lusaka); Bwalya (City of Lusaka), Oliver (City of Lusaka); Amato (Mufulira), Banda (Roan), Ndhovu (Mufulira); Ement (Kitwe), Heylens (Nchanga), Pencil (Roan), Sewell (City of Lusaka), and Mizzi (Broken Hill Warriors).

Mizzi, the flying outside-left of this side, is shortly to leave for Britain and a spell with Aston Villa.

The wrangling in Southern Rhodesia goes on. Now it has become so tangled up that the S.R.F.A. have pulled out of the coming Olympic series and backed out of a tour to Mauritius. The S.R.F.A. is again racked with the racial question that threatens to split it wide open. The present F.A. set-up is not acceptable to the Europeans. The all-African S.R.A.F.A., the S.R. Coloured Board and the National League all have a say on the S.R.F.A. — but not the Europeans — and they want one. Those pressing the point especially are the men behind soccer in the vital Bulawayo, Midlands and Salisbury area. Already, they have virtually withdrawn all except token support from the National League, some like those in the Bulawayo region don't even pretend to support it any more, and the day may be on hand when they pull out of the S.R.F.A. altogether.

Extensive

The all-African S.R.A.F.A. seems to be better off running its own affairs. They assembled a side that is a veritable slap in the face to the Colony's selectors, who don't seem to be able to bring together a winning side "because there is a lack of top talent". They went on an extensive tour of South Africa and beat all except Black Pirates — claimed to be the leading lights among the Republic's non-Whites.

No — Southern Rhodesia, it just won't do. Radical rethinking is necessary. New administrative blood must be injected into the system now or the dive will go on, and on and on until Southern Rhodesia hits rock bottom. Then desperate measures will be taken but the uphill road will be hard and rocky. So why not make a spring clean now and get the house in order, S.R.F.A.?

Mozambique's soccer is hotting up. Ferrovairio of Beira have slipped into a point lead over Sporting of Lourenco

FREDDIE KALK IS THE MAN TO WATCH IN SOUTH AFRICAN FOOTBALL

Marques. However, the fortunes of 1° de Maio are the most interesting. Under their new manager, Botelho de Melo they have climbed out of the relegation zone after being the last club to score a goal, and then the last club to clinch a point. Centre-forward Marques is now the leading goal-scorer with eleven as against Pires (Ferrovairio) with nine, and three Sporting boys, Frederico (nine) and Ramalhito and Pepita (six each).

The latest league table will serve as a guide to the teams playing in the Mozambique Premier League after early season promotion and relegation issues were settled so here it is:

	P.	W.	D.	L.	F.	A.	Pts.
Ferrovairio	12	8	2	2	28	11	18
Sporting L.M.	12	8	1	3	34	12	17
Desportivo	12	7	2	3	21	15	16
1° de Maio	12	6	2	4	27	19	14
Alto Mae	12	4	3	5	16	20	11
Benfica	12	5	0	7	18	27	10
Ind-Portugues	12	2	2	8	12	32	6
Atletico	12	1	2	9	17	37	4

Riding high for promotion are Mahangalene with Monbassa at centre-forward leading the goal-scorers' race. Belenenses are close behind. Vasco da Gama lead the way in the Third Division.

Botelho de Melo was recently chosen to "boss" the Mozambique side which beat Angola in Luanda.

Nigeria gave a spirited performance in sharing four goals with Guinea in Lagos in the first leg of their Africa Cup qualifier. Down a goal shortly after the start, the Green Eagles showed a welcome new will to fight back. My tip for the Championship of Africa? Well I'll still go for Ghana to win in Accra in November. Holders Ethiopia won't be far behind.

They ran Tanganyika to ground with a 4-0 win in Addis Ababa that impressed everyone. Tanganyika have come up a tremendously long way in recent months, but Ethiopia were clearly the better side although the altitude probably gave some assistance to the Ethiopians. But the fact that three of the goals were netted in the first half doesn't seem to suggest the Tanganyikans tired unduly under the strain.

Tunisia, who I'd put third on my list of bankers, became the first country to qualify for Accra (Ghana are hosts and Ethiopia holders). They knocked out Morocco on 6-5 aggregate in a thrilling tie. In the first leg in Tunis, the stout Moroccan defence held out until half-time but in the second session, Tunisia scored four times to win 4-1. For the second leg, Morocco piled on the pressure from the start and were in the lead 4-1 at one stage; then Tunisia scored and hopes of a Moroccan trip southward went west.

Tunisia, incidentally, are taking the right steps to the top. They recently welcomed a strong Armenia side and held them to 2-2 and have been seeking out opponents from the best of Europe.

Two cup final scores: in the Moroccan Cup, Cadiz had a narrow 1-0 win over Exercito, Guarnico scoring the only goal, and in the Sudan final, E.S. Sahel beat C.A.A. 2-1.

In the Rhodesia Castle Cup, Mufulira

Blackpool, in their first season, reached the final when they beat Nchanga Rangers 2-1 in the Northern zone final. They will meet Salisbury Callies in the final.

Southern Suburbs and Addington each reached their first South African Castle Cup final. Southern Suburbs beat Welkom United — the first second division side to advance so far in the competition — 3-1 in the one semi-final and in the other, Addington took two matches and two periods of extra-time to dispose of Durban City 1-1 and 4-3. City had appeared in the previous three finals, two of which they had won Just on 70,000 watched the two games — a record for a Cup tie.

Slip and shine seems to be the big clubs' motto of the moment in the Republic's N.F.L. Southern Suburbs had a run of eighteen matches without defeat halted by Arcadia United, who beat them 3-1.

Ordinary

Addington took the spotlight for a matter of ... hours. Then Boksburg — middle-of-the-table side with a very ordinary record — pulled off an extraordinary 5-0 win that was as clearcut as it was fantastic. Durban City, in the hunt with a slender chance, lost 1-0 in Pretoria to relegation haunted Berea Park and then went to the Rand Stadium to pick holes in the Southern Suburbs defence that was only just being hailed as solid as any of the moment. Georgie Barratt and his team of City darlings romped to a 5-2 triumph that left the Suburbs fans seething. So Suburbs slipped back another cog. Two days later, they entertained another lowly placed side, Brakpan United and it was nearly the third slip of the week. But for Freddie Kalk — a Springbok this year — they would have been overwhelmed by a faster, more direct Brakpan. As it was, Kalk came to the rescue and with a goal as great as any this season, Colin Neal made it 2-1.

Just to make matters more complicated, Highlands Park went to Driehoek and took a 3-0 spanking from Germiston Callies, who have been struggling all season. Then Rangers were keeping on going, when not winning they were drawing and Durban United were still well placed. Rangers ran up against Highlands Park one summer night and before 20,000 the Highlands men pulled and tugged at this Rangers side and turned in their best performance of the season to win 3-1. Phew! ... well if you can sort the League champions out of that lot, I can't because it's still not quite over. But it's the hottest white hot race for the League title yet. Highlands, with a programme against lowly sides, are favourites to retain the title — but only just.

Perhaps this is an opportune moment to dish out some honours. Footballer of the Year laurels and all that, have not yet been awarded but I'll give you a couple of my choices. As Footballer of the Year, I'd unhesitatingly choose Henry Hauser, tall skipper of Addington. He has had a superb season, captaining his side into the Cup final and to a possible League Championship. He appeared in both the year's Springbok line-ups — against the Spurs and Cerro — and is certainly South Africa's finest wing-half of the moment. Close behind Hauser come Vasco Pegado of Highlands Park, Trevor Gething of Arcadia United, Brian Petersen of Durban United, and Morrie Jacobson and Vernon Wentzel, both of Addington. Jacobson is regarded as our own "Stanley Matthews". Just like the maestro himself, he goes on and on and on.

The Most Improved Player of the Year award most definitely goes to Southern Suburbs's Freddie Kalk. At just twenty years of age, he has already been capped for South Africa and is rated second to Hauser as a wing-half in the country. He is so instrumental in the Suburbs side that while I was watching one of their games, a supporter turned to me and said: "Injure Freddie and you injure Suburbs. I'd hate to see what would happen to them if Freddie got crocked." And what about the roars of Fred-d-i-e from the Suburbs supporters every time the ball comes the way of this bundle of dynamite. Close to Freddie is "Curly" Grant of Highlands Park, followed by Ron Orford (Germiston Callies), Des O'Keefe (S. Suburbs), Gavin Scott (Brakpan United) and Robin Kuper (Highlands Park).

Undoubtedly, the side I'd vote most attractive to watch and with the cleanest record in the league is Durban City. Throughout the season, they have endeavoured to please the crowds all the time and I think they have succeeded. The most knowledgeable crowd? I tip my hat to the thousands that throng Highland's Balfour Park. At the other extreme, I put the Southern Suburbs fans from the other end of Johannesburg.

Englishmen

Clubs are already making signings for next season. Harold Atkinson has joined Vereeniging Athletic from Stockton. Another Englishman, Gordon Eddleton moved from Southampton to Brothers, who say he is the first of several.

Soccer in South Africa received another windfall. The sponsors of the U.T.C. Floodlight Bowl have added another £500 to the prize money. The qualifiers for this end of season knock-out tourney are the top six of the first division — Addington, Highlands Park, Southern Suburbs, Durban United, Rangers and Durban City have already qualified — and the two clubs who gain promotion from the play-offs among the four teams winning the regional Second Divisions and the side finishing third last in the Premier division (Durban Ramblers and Benoni United are relegated automatically as finishing in the bottom spots).

Hellenics (Cape West), Port Elizabeth City (Cape East) and Municipals (South)

Continued overleaf

Still waiting to take its place

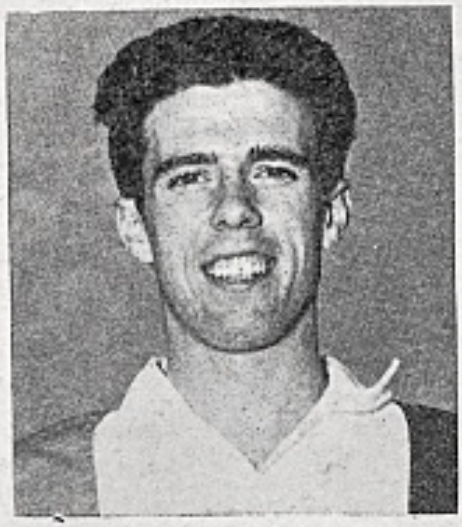
SPOTLIGHT ON THE UNITED STATES —*continued from page 11*

aged stockbroker had won the Olympic 100 metres.

The facts are worth recalling. The 1950 World Cup was played in Brazil, and America were drawn in the same group as Chile, Spain and England. In their first match, the Americans lost 3-1 at Curitiba, to Spain; an excellent performance. Their team was captained this time by . . . a Scotsman, Eddie McIlvenny, who had emigrated to the United States after being discarded by Wrexham, a Welsh club playing in the Third Division (North) of the Football League, the breadline section of the Championship. There was also a Haitian centre-forward, Gaetjens, a Belgian left-back, Maca, and a centre-half, Colombo, who played in gloves.

The second match, against England, was to take place in the remote mountain district of Bela Horizonte, where everything was in England's favour. The English team was even able to stay at Morro Velho, a British-owned gold mine nearby, which provided 2,000 English supporters for the match. If the pitch at Belo Horizonte was cramped and bumpy, the dressing-room accommodation so wretched that England spurned it, preferring a nearby hotel, these seemed trivial matters. And England team which included forwards of world wide reputation—the infinitely elusive Tom Finney, the dynamic Stanley Mortensen, the cunningly constructive Wilf Mannion—seemed sure to reach double figures.

Even the American coach, Bill Jeffrey, a Scotsman who for 25 years had run the Penn State College soccer team, instructed high school students, talked to civic groups and generally pioneered the game, was pessimistic. "We ain't got a chance against your boys," he said, "but we're going to fight to keep down the score. We've got to take it on the chin if we're ever going to get anywhere in soccer in the United States.



Paul Millar, an outside-right who plays for the ASL club Inter won the Most Valuable Player Award and the High Goalscoring Trophy last year. (O.2.)

Nobody takes us seriously in this Cup, but we came to Brazil to learn."

It was England who learned . . . the hard way, battering desperately against a massed American defence, hitting the post, doing everything but score. The Americans, so fatalistic that they had stayed up all night, dancing and drinking (soft drinks), and had asked an English journalist whether he'd brought a cribbage board along to keep the score, not only held out: they scored themselves.

Gaetjens, the Haitian, did it; in an historic 37th minute, getting his head to a ball crossed by the left-half, Bahr, and turning it past Williams, the English goalkeeper, for the one goal of the game. No matter how England attacked, they could not overcome a brave American defence in which Borghi, the gymnastic goalkeeper and Colombo did wonders. At the end, the delighted Brazilians burned newspapers on the terraces—a salute to the Americans, a funeral pyre for the hopes of England—then thronged on to the field, to carry the American team off in triumph.

Ecstatic

"This," said the ecstatic Jeffrey, "is all we wanted to do. This is what we need to make the game go in the States."

But it didn't go, hasn't gone, and one wonders if it ever will. With its speed, plasticity and infinite thrills—the thrill of a ball going into the net, the thrill of a soaring goalkeeper — soccer might appear ideally equipped to conquer America. Instead, it has foundered on the rocks of native temperament and predilection. The dialogue between soccer and the American sports fan has still to begin.

Blackest season yet for Southern Rhodesia —*from previous page*

have already won their respective titles. The other, the North zone, rests between Vereeniging Athletic and Olympia. Bloemfontein City or West Rand United will have to take part in the play-offs as well; either of them will finish third bottom.

On the subject of West Rand lies a tale of black magic. The club were firmly rooted to the bottom spot in the First Division for weeks and just couldn't win a match for months on end. It was said that a witch doctor had cast a spell on the club as the Municipality refused to allow Africans in to their home ground, Trezona Park.

One of the players spoke to Ronnie Naidoo about it. Now as it happened, Naidoo had had some schooling in this direction and all in a joke, he promised to do something about the run of bad luck. Next match — against Berea Park at Trezona — he arrived armed with several silver wrappers containing a black powder. His instructions to the boys was to put it into their boots and leave it on the field after the game. Always ready for a lark, the West Rand boys laughingly did as they were told. After all, another defeat was surely on the way so they wouldn't have to bother themselves about their boots after the game. Quietly go and slip them in the dustbin and forget about Naidoo and his black magic. But it was another story on the field. They thrashed Berea Park 8-3 and then went on a run of five successive wins which took them off the bottom rung. The crowds at each match gaped as the West Rand boys fumbled with their laces after each game ended and carefully removed their pieces of paper and placed them on the turf as a symbol to another win.

And for Naidoo! Well, when Fred Zackey slammed in five goals against Berea Park, he won a substantial prize in the Hasley Goalscorers' pool and it went to Naidoo. Did I hear that after trying dope and hypnotism, Italian managers are scouting around for suitable witch doctors? Always to the forefront in soccer science, they may have something!

DISCRIMINATING SOCCER FANS READ

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strengths and weaknesses of other countries' soccer tactics.

A foreign coach could do that for them, and with the attack that played in Madrid—all of them teenagers—Rangers could indeed be rampant in the competition ere long.

In Jim Forrest they have a nineteen-year-old centre-forward who has already, in his first Senior season, set about with a vengeance the task of creating a new Rangers' scoring record.

In Willie Henderson they have an outside-right even Real fans clamoured was good enough to wear their all-white shirt. And in Alex Willoughby they have an inside-forward of brilliant potential.

Remarkable it is that these three young men should have progressed from the same youth side to learn their greatest soccer lesson so far in the same match.

Willoughby and Forrest are full-cousins, and they obviously take the bond with them on to the field of play. They have an understanding already quite uncanny in a pair so young.

Yet both, when asked, readily admit that they still have much to learn. Europe's leading coaches have all been impressed with the basic Scottish style of play. A club as internationally renowned as Rangers would, I am sure, find little difficulty in tempting one to Ibrox should they agree to experiment in this field.

YOUNG WILLOUGHBY'S PRIDE

RANGERS, undisputed masters of Scottish soccer, made to look like complete novices by an ageing but still magnificent Real Madrid—this was not an easy thing for the Glasgow side's followers to take in.

The single-goal set-back at Ibrox was in itself bad enough, but for Rangers to lose by 6-0, even in the European Cup, and allowing for the imposing record of legendary Real on their own ground, made it compulsory that even the most avid Rangers fan should swallow a pride that has been nurtured on years of complete Ibrox dominance on the Scottish game.

Not since 1957 had Real lost a match of *any* kind in Bernabeu Stadium, and few Scotsmen, even in their hearts of hearts, expected a strangely-youthful Rangers attack to halt the imposing sequence.

It was the severity of defeat that so stunned, however. Young Rangers were given a lesson in the soccer arts by a team of old masters, and it did not end on the field.

Even after the first of the two-leg match in Glasgow they were being educated in the needs of a club before success in the European Cup can be expected. And nowhere could they have found a more knowledgeable teacher than Ferenc Puskas.

Rounder, undisputably a yard slower than in days of yore, the one-time galloping major of the Hungarian pre-uprising, is still nevertheless the world's most dangerous inside-forward and one of the game's most intelligent.

When he asked, at the after-Ibrox banquet, what good it was for Rangers to have ability if they did not know how to use it, he in no way meant to be insulting.

What he meant, I feel—and since the thrashing in Madrid even the Ibrox management must realise it, too—was that in Scotland, the undisputed ability of the Rangers players collectively had carried them to honours galore. And will, no doubt, continue to reap the successes on the home front.

Undisputed

But he is correct in saying that Rangers, mighty as they are in their own circles, are still not ready to wield the same influence, create the same fear, in soccer's hierarchy—the European Champions' Cup.

Since the competition started, Rangers have competed now in 24 ties, winning 12, losing 11. That is not a bad record: it is not good enough, however, for a club that enjoys being best.

Puskas claimed after the Ibrox match that Rangers lacked intelligence on the field. Territorially, they were all over Real. The score-line shows just how inadequate their outfield superiority was, however.

Gento, skipper of Real, agrees with the fabulous Ferenc when he says that Rangers' greatest need is a foreign coach.

Examine that suggestion closely and one sees vision behind the remark. After all, in a competition like the European Cup, Rangers are meeting foreign teams; teams they know little or nothing about. They do not tour as extensively as clubs like Real, Benfica or Barcelona, so they cannot gauge the relative

While England's top brass—Everton and Sheffield Wednesday are just two of the clubs willing to introduce foreign players into their ranks—attempt to pioneer one new venture, Rangers could introduce the other.

The result could have nothing but benefit for Rangers, and for Scotland. After all, the Scottish international side draws heavily on Rangers' resources, and will do so for many years to come.

While Puskas did not hesitate to point out the flaws in the Rangers set-up, he nevertheless freely admitted that individually, they were among the finest players he had ever come up against. That in itself is a tribute, and when the Ibrox side, despondent at the end of the Madrid humiliation, slipped into their baths, they could not help but be impressed by the greatness of this man Puskas.

In he strode, portly but majestic, to strip off his shirt and present it to young Willoughby. That, surely, is an indication of the esteem in which Puskas holds the young inside-forward's potential (see photo).

It was a gesture from a player who will forever be remembered as one of the game's greats. Willoughby admits that the moment will never be forgotten.

Perhaps, however, he will have the opportunity soon to reciprocate for the talk is at present in Glasgow of bringing Real back to the city where they have been cheered to the smoke-infested skies.

★ **JOHN STONE**

JIMMY HILL — COVENTRY CITY

TRANSFORMATION FOR ONE TIME MIDLAND STRUGGLERS

Jimmy Hill won renown as the chairman of the Professional Footballers' Association and later entered the managerial ranks with Coventry City. In the article by Brian Marshall, our writer illustrates the revolutionary steps taken by Hill to put Coventry City on the soccer map. (P.A.I.)

by BRIAN MARSHALL

"OUT of darkness cometh light," is an apt quotation for the fortunes of Coventry City. With apologies to Wolves, who have these words under their coat of arms, it sums up concisely the progress story of the Midland Third Division club over the past two years.

It is two years ago that Coventry City's chairman, Mr. Derrick Robbins, made a secret trip to London and offered Jimmy Hill, the bearded ex-Fulham utility player, the position as the club's new manager.

What had started as a jocular suggestion was pursued in utmost seriousness. The result has been the revitalisation of Coventry City from a struggling team into the most progressive in the country.

But it was in Coventry's darkest hour on November 25, 1961, that the matter came to a head. Money was being ploughed into the club with no progress being made to justify the outlay.

The club hit rock bottom on this bleak November Saturday when King's Lynn, then bottom of the Southern League Premier Division, journeyed to Coventry with more than 1,000 of their supporters to Highfield Road to create the surprise of the round to win 2-1.

This set-back proved to be Coventry's Waterloo. Four days later manager Billy Frith and three of his staff were sacked. On the following day Jimmy Hill was appointed and within hours of his appointment he was on the field for a coaching session with his new team.

There was an immediate effect. Hill made quick inroads into the transfer market. Well supported by his board of directors, Hill bought some established players. Among these were Roy Dwight, an old playing colleague while with Fulham.

Inhabitants

In next to no time he had completely streamlined the club with his cheerful and enthusiastic approach. For the first time in years the cosmopolitan inhabitants of Coventry discovered that they had a soccer team as well as a Rugby side of renown.

Hill took his own advice on this score. On an earlier trip to Canada he had been impressed by their slick organisation geared to get the fans to the games. Hill has incorporated a good many of the items which captivated him on this trip.

For instance, at Highfield Road these days they have a forty-five minute programme of selected records before the match, interviews with players and club news. Hill, himself, takes the microphone, while on other occasions, John Camkin, a former Fleet Street sports reporter and now a Coventry director and a B.B.C. commentator, deputises.

As a speaker, Hill won acclaim for his handling of the new players' charter when he won bigger and better terms for most of the players in the game today. An orator of M.P. qualities, he made everyone connected with soccer listen.

Phil Woosnam, the Welsh international inside-forward, who is now with Aston Villa, pays tribute to Hill's power of speech. He says: "The way Jimmy handled this affair earned him everyone's admiration. Players at last realised that they could receive better terms from their clubs—thanks to a brilliantly fought case by Jimmy Hill."

Admiration

Typically, it is not the star player who has enabled the professional player to grow in stature over the past two seasons. Hill was admittedly a well-known player but he fell well short of the international rating.

Like the majority of players he represented as chairman of the Professional Footballers Association, Hill was a solid club-man. As a player he first came of note with Brentford as a wing-half. He had joined the London club in 1949 and three seasons later he linked up with Fulham for a moderate fee.

The happy set-up at Craven Cottage moulded Hill's future. When appointed chairman of the Players Union he was given every assistance by the Fulham management and they accepted him and his opinions at the time of a crisis. They didn't hold any prejudice against him as they were aware that despite a lot of friendly barracking he always gave his best.

Hill's playing career, however, came to an end during his fight for better terms. He tore his knee ligaments in the game against Luton Town in January, 1960, and played in only two other games that season. The second match was against Manchester United on March 26 and it signalled the end of his playing career.

Ironically, it had been his best season. Fulham's results had shown a big improvement due to Hill's newly found consistency. He did play the following season but in a match against Everton at Goodison Park the old trouble recurred. An operation failed to clear up the trouble but Fulham had no complaints. They were reported to have collected £10,000 insurance because Hill was invalided out of the game while still in their service.

Hill went into business with a literary agent. As a staff coach he kept in touch with the game through this channel but he

had no hesitation about swopping sides when the Coventry chairman asked him to take over as manager of the club.

As a new recruit he got into hot water with the powers that be after his move to Highfield Road. But Hill learns quickly. It didn't, however, prevent him from supporting former England team-manager Walter Winterbottom when he had been passed over by the Football Association as a successor to Sir Stanley Rous.

He said: "I cried for the future of English soccer when I heard the news. In saying this I have no disrespect for Mr. Dennis Follows, but Walter is responsible for 95 per cent of the thought given to soccer in this country these days — by managers, players and referees. He was, in my mind, obviously the next man in line for the job."

That is Hill speaking to the point. It is an attitude which has won him the admiration of everyone in soccer and Coventry are indeed fortunate to possess his presence.

Based upon the progress obtained at Highfield Road in the short space of time Hill has been in the manager's chair, it makes me wonder what the rest of the country is doing. Compared to Coventry they are standing still.

Now Hill is planning his promotion drive. He is supported by his directors, players and supporters alike. The fans have now caught the Coventry fever to such an extent that it is common for up to 7,000 to travel to away games.

Amenities

As the chief instigator, Hill is changing the scene at Highfield Road. Already the pitch has been levelled at a cost of £16,000 and a new stand erected. Dressing-room amenities have been improved in the general reorganisation.

But this is typical of Jimmy Hill. For instance there is a perfect example of his enthusiastic approach to the game. It occurred last season during the F.A. Cup run. They were involved in two drawn games with Portsmouth before they qualified to meet Manchester United in the quarter finals.

Time was scarce but Hill informed his secretary: "I am out to everyone but the press."

This may appear to be an odd statement. In normal circumstances it would have been the other way round. "I am in to everyone but the press," is a rather common state of affairs contrary to their assistance to the game in general.

But Hill realised during his war for better terms that the press can make or break a club. Give them every assistance and they will help you. It is a policy which has worked time and time again since his arrival at Highfield Road. While other clubs complain about falling gates, Hill simply beams at the ever clicking turnstiles.

Undoubtedly a rare soccer personality, Hill is a soccer showman aware that success can never be obtained without a great deal of hard work. Time will prove whether his efforts have been worthwhile. Personally, I have no doubts that he will guide Coventry to great heights.

FORTHCOMING EVENTS . . . . . DECEMBER

KEEPING tabs on international football, and previewing the fixture list for several weeks at a time is becoming a greater and greater headache. Almost everywhere playing standards have dropped —perhaps inevitably at a time when most team bosses are prepared to experiment in relatively unimportant matches between the World Cups, but even allowing for this some of the results this year have been startling (writes ERIC BATTY).

Spain v. Belgium (Valencia)	1
Wales (U.23) v. Scotland (U.23)	4
Italy v. Austria (Naples)	15
France v. Belgium (Paris)	25
Belgium "B" v. France "B" (Ostend)	25
Morocco v. West Germany (Casablanca)	29

Now and again, we are blessed with a banker, for example, Hungary's 2-1 win over Austria at the Nepstadion in October, which was seen on television almost throughout Europe. The Hungarians meeting their neighbours for the 108th time had everything in their favour—ground advantage, current form, and tradition. The record books show quite clearly that Hungary have the edge, with 53 victories against the Austrians 32, but even in these circumstances the Magyars could only win 2-1!

Shorter list

Although this month's fixture list is shorter than usual, due to the fact that football closes down in many European countries for December, there's only one game for which I would care to forecast a result — Italy v. Austria. The Italians now far more consistent than they were in the days when they regularly fielded a League of Nations team are on the upgrade, while the Austrians, still torn by a series of internal disputes, have fewer players to choose from now than ever before with all their top clubs signing up foreign players. Added to all this, the Italians won 1-0 only four months ago at the Prater Stadion in Vienna — admittedly rather fortunately when left-half Trappatoni got the only goal in a poor game.

Maybe the most interesting fixture is West Germany's visit to Morocco, where with active encouragement from the Royal family, football is booming. In the last two years the Moroccans have pushed themselves to the forefront of African football. In the past a steady stream of good players have been discovered within the country but most of them have been forced to join French and Spanish clubs in order to gain experience and make a living, but now in the new boom the greater part are staying at home. F.A.R., the team of the Moroccan Air Force, are leading this bid to keep their stars. With offstage backing from the King, F.A.R. are recruiting the country's best players much as Honved (Hungary) and Dukla (Czechoslovakia) once did, and giving a good account of themselves in the now annual September tournaments against teams like Benfica, Inter and Reims.

With attendances at league matches fluctuating around 10,000 the game is now on a sound footing and in the last two years Morocco have beaten East Germany and Switzerland and held Spain to 0-1. Now they get a chance to enhance their growing reputations still further by beating Sepp Herberger's squad, and knowing Uncle Sepp's inclination to throw in unknown youngsters in similar matches, I fancy the Moroccans will do it.

Three men who seem likely to figure in the German side this year — and if successful will certainly be retained for the World Cup, are the 20-year-olds Libuda (right-wing) from Schalke 04, and Overath (inside-left) of 1st FC Koln.

Along with them goes a Meidericher SV discovery, inside-right Dettmar Cramer, who has already gained schoolboy and Youth honours for Germany, and has been producing great stuff in the Bundesliga, alongside burly Helmut Rahn.

The Belgians, still likely to be dominated by the RSC Anderlecht squad, have two matches this month, away to Spain and France, and as I see it could win either, neither or both! 1, X, 2 without any doubt, for both games, for while the Belgians look good at times, they have an unpleasant habit of suddenly slipping back to a style of play reminiscent of their amateur days.

Spain and France both have their troubles too — France because of their boss's blunders and Kopa's forthright public statements, and Spain because their best products are now in Italy.

Kopa, who was unofficially blacklisted by the FFF following his anti-slavery articles some time ago, was recalled to the group in training for the recent clash with Bulgaria in Paris, but remarking that Georges Verriest had said some unkind things about Kopa's attitude, he intimated that he would like an apology before playing against Bulgaria. Verriest promptly dropped him, and the FFF backed up the manager by suspending Kopa from all football for 14 days. In all the circumstances it seems unlikely that the little Frenchman will ever again play for France.

This leaves Monaco's Douis the only top line inside-forward in France, and promising though he is, Douis is not yet in the "Napoleon" class.

Stricter ban

Spain's big problems revolve around two factors — first the high proportion of foreigners (particularly in attack) that are still starring in the club sides, despite the new and stricter ban on imports, combined with the switch to Italy of their three best Spanish-born inside men, Suarez (Inter), Del Sol (Juventus) and Peiro (Torino).

Jose Villalonga, Espana's manager-selector, is therefore left with little more than a handful of young men, who last season could only draw at home (1-1) with Ireland in Bilbao, and were later hammered 6-2 by Scotland. At that time Villalonga resigned, and though he was later talked back into office by F.A. officials, I fancy his second bid to get away will not be long delayed . . . and this time he'll mean it.

POLAND

ALTHOUGH the unofficial summer competitions have been decried as second class, Polish champions Gornik (Zabrze) appear to have benefited considerably from the chance to meet foreign club sides. With inside-forward Ernst Pohl in great form, Gornik eliminated F.K. Austria from the European Cup (2-1 in a play-off). Pohl, however, is still out of favour with the F.A.—and unofficially is barred from the national side.

After beating Norway 9-0 the Poles took their customary step up the international ladder, but later (also as usual) slipped back again when they slumped 3-1 in Athens. Only a few weeks ago, Poland beat Greece 4-0 in Warsaw!

Current league leaders are Legia (Warsaw), the Army club which dominated the league until five years ago. With Legia three points clear, all the fashionable clubs are well out of the running — only Odra Opole and newly promoted Szombierki the closest challengers.

Silesia is now clearly the big centre for Polish football. In addition to Gornik, the region has Polonia (Bytom), champions in 1962 and Cup winners last year, while Szombierki (Cup finalists) in the spring also play in Bytom.

SWEDEN

ONCE almost automatic favourites for the Olympic Games soccer tournament, the Swedes are out of the running for a place in Tokyo next year after losing to Hungary—6-2 on aggregate. The full national side is also having a thin time despite reaching the quarter-finals of the Nations Cup, for without their "Italians" they could only draw with Norway (0-0) and Denmark (2-2). Orvar Bergmark currently with AS Roma, has drawn a new lease of life since being switched to the defensive right-half role. At 33 he set up a new record for international appearances, gaining his 76th cap against West Germany.

IFK Norrkoping are once more champions — home by three clear points, but in the final match away to IFK Goteborg they were hammered 6-0! Relegated clubs this year are Hammarby and Halmia, and a new young team to watch are Degerfors who have stirred up interest in their home town to unprecedented levels. Degerfors (population 9,000) pulled in 21,065 for their recent home match with the new champions!

With Simonsson back with Orgryte, the Swede's foreign legion was still further diminished by the return of Bengt Lindskog from Sweden. After five years of professionalism with Internazionale and Lecco, Lindskog has signed for IFK Malmo.

NORWAY

BRANN (Bergen) have again taken the championship trophy but still aren't sure of a place in the European Cup. Lyn, who led at the half-way stage and earned the honour this season, ended one point behind, with Skeid (Oslo) four points behind Brann.

Fraydl (F.K. Austria).

Skeid, however, consoled their supporters by winning the F.A. Cup for the eighth time—beating the traditional giants Fredrikstad 2-1 in the final. The gate —36,000—was a record for the Cup Final.

When Lyn stopper Arild Gulden accepted a three-year scholarship to study in Switzerland, the Oslo club agreed to fly him home every week, but though he's still Norway's best centre-half, they've found the operation too costly. After the Norwegians' end of season tour to Switzerland and Scotland, Gulden, an international and also a handball cap, decided to sign for the Grasshoppers club of Zurich.

Following their 4-3 success over Scotland in the spring, the national team have had a disastrous summer—played four, lost four and goals scored nil: 0-9 to Poland; 0-0 with Sweden; 0-2 to Finland and 0-4 against Denmark!

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

IN recent seasons, the Army club Dukla Prague (Novak, Masopust and Pluskal) have been in a class of their own, but now for the first time in several years there seems to have been a levelling up. Dukla still top the table four points clear, but then come six clubs, all bunched together with only goal average to separate them. Most impressive of all are Slovan Bratislava, currently proving that their 2-0 win over Spurs last season was no fluke. Third in the table, Slovan won the F.A. Cup during the summer, beating Dynamo Prague 9-0, and have gone on recording big scores: 8-1 v. Finland's Helsinging Palloseira (Cup winners' Cup), and 9-1 Orgryte (Sweden) in the quarter-final of the Toto Cup, which was won last year by their neighbours Slovnaft.

Top scorer in the current campaign is unknown inside-left Laco Pavlovic from Tatran Presov (seven goals) now likely to claim a place in the Czech Olympic squad which qualified for Tokyo beating France 4-0 and 4-2.

Dukla, still facing the winter keep-fit problem so vital for European Cup clashes in March, are planning a Far Eastern tour this winter. Viet Nam and the Philippines are their bases for January, but they'd also like to sharpen up against one or two English clubs when they return to Europe. For those that make the trip it will complete three years' football, with never more than a fortnight's break from the game!

AUSTRIA

THE friendly rivalry between Vienna and Budapest continues but the recent international (the 108th in the series) nearly didn't come off. Forty-eight hours before the kick-off, the Austrian F.A. threatened to abandon the match if the Hungarians denied travel visas to Viennese journalists. The F.A. cancelled their chartered plane, but a few hours later visas were issued and Hungary claimed their 53rd success over Austria (2-1).

Jose Aguas, the former Benfica and Portugal centre-forward signed in a flurry of publicity in September, has yet to make his début in FK Austria's league

● Continued on page 37

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THE BOOK CASE

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Edited by ***RALPH JACKSON***

BILLY WRIGHT'S BOOK OF SOCCER No. 6 (Stanley Paul, 12s. 6d.) contains articles by leading players and journalists and includes many tales of topical and anecdotal interest. Many aspects of the game at club and international level are touched upon. Half a century ago, writes Walter Pilkington in his best reminiscent mood, Jockey Simpson, an Englishman from Falkirk, joined Blackburn Rovers on a three-year contract—shades of the New Deal! Wright himself adds his pointer to the future and advocates increased opportunities to pit English footballers against those from the Continent.

From the same stable comes **THE SCOTTISH FOOTBALL BOOK No. 9 edited by Hugh Taylor (Stanley Paul, 12s. 6d.).** This is a must for fans north of the border, with memories of the big games and a number of excellent team photographs taking the eye. There is a similarity in style and format, which is one by now well enough tried to have proved its popularity.

Jimmy Armfield, captain of Blackpool and England, edits **THE ALL STARS FOOTBALL BOOK No. 3 (World Distributors, London, 10s. 6d.)** and the book is in the usual pattern, and lifted out of the general run by the presence of such noted authors as Brian Glanville and Gordon Jeffery. Again the emphasis is upon the interest of the younger reader, but there is much to commend this volume to all serious followers of the game.

Attractive

THE SCOTSPORT BOOK (Stanley Paul, 12s. 6d.) is edited by Arthur Montford, sports editor on Scottish television, and with the help of feature and signed articles by and concerning most of the big names in sport north of the border, presents an attractive programme of fare. Plenty of pictures, plenty of interest; and it is good to see our friends from Scotland getting a good crack of the whip in this respect.

Instruction, advice and anecdote are mixed agreeably enough in **SOCCER—THE BRITISH WAY (Nicholas Kaye, 16s.).** Contributors include Alf Ramsey, Tommy Docherty, Derek Dougan and a number of other notable names from both the playing and administrative side of the game. Some of it is obvious, perhaps, but no youngster could have better guidance than that contained in this book.

CHARLES BUCHAN'S SOCCER GIFT BOOK (Charles Buchan's Publications Ltd., 12s. 6d.) is another familiar and welcome figure in the field although the immodest sub-title "The World's Greatest Football Annual" immediately makes one look for new and out-of-the-ordinary features which, frankly, do not exist. A multitude of pictures, and a number of players' stories by now so familiar and still as popular as ever.

Kenneth Wolstenholme's **BOOK OF WORLD SOCCER (World Distributors, London, 9s. 6d.)** concerns itself with a wider field, contains somewhat more serious articles, and even gets around to mentioning the part played in soccer by television and the press. There is also one feature which mentions some of the stars of stage, screen and radio who are avid football fans, and—a shade incongruous, this, one felt—big pictures of the Beverly Sisters, Dave King, Michael Holliday, Alan Simpson, Jewel and Warris, Cliff Richard, Richard Attenborough and Tommy Steele. By and large, though, this is a thoroughly presentable work.

Away from the large, eye catching annual department, **THE GILLETTE BOOK OF**

● *Continued overleaf*

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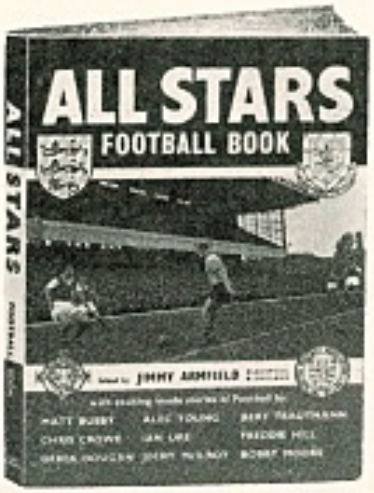

ALL STARS FOOTBALL BOOK

Always a sell-out, this is again edited by Blackpool and England International, Jimmy Armfield, with contributions from Matt Busby, Alex Young, Ian Ure, Jimmy McIlroy, Bert Trautmann, Freddie Hill and Bobby Moore. A firm favourite with all fans for only 10/6.

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BOOK REVIEWS

● *Continued from previous page*

CRICKET AND FOOTBALL edited by Gordon Ross (Frederick Muller Ltd., 12s. 6d.) devotes just under half of its 206 pages to soccer, with some varied contributions from some of the leading personalities both on and off the field, a record section, and a chapter entitled "Fact and Curiosity" which devotes eighteen pages to some of the more unusual stories which crop up in football.

More records and food for the most voracious statistician in **THE FOOTBALL LEAGUE JUBILEE BOOK (Stanley Paul, 25s.).** For all that, it is a labour of love and will doubtless take its place among other histories of the game. But for my own part, I could not but regret the fact that the first fifty years from 1888 were crammed into 32 pages, with the period 1938-63 occupying the remainder of the 304 pages. A little disproportionate, one felt.

Jim Armfield is bidding fair to establish himself on the bookshelves, for also out this month is his autobiography, **FIGHTING BACK (Stanley Paul, 16s.).** A slightly more coherent, less racy account of his career, with the inevitable analysis of the star of the game in England today, it will doubtless earn a place alongside all those other life stories of international footballers.

Statistics

EUROPEAN INTERNATIONAL FOOTBALL by Gordon Jeffery (Nicholas Kaye, 30s.).

Statistics, many a moraliser will tell us, can prove almost anything. I doubt very much whether the figures Gordon Jeffery has collected so painstakingly in this book prove anything other than the fact that soccer has very deep roots all round the world and particularly in Europe. Many an amateur fact finder will have long dreamed about the time he would collate a complete guide to European International soccer so that more lazy patrons could sit back in chimney corners and rip off a few salient points on the subject.

Those dreamers can now surface. The job is done for them. Besides the records of every match of considered International standing played by thirty-two European nations, Gordon Jeffery contributes a clear cut account of each nation's growth with not a little social history and geographical perspective for good measure.

FOOTBALL ON MERSEYSIDE by Percy M. Young (Stanley Paul, 21s.).

Another finely-produced volume, full of rich action and authoritative narrative from the pen of Dr. Young, that most prolific and polished chronicler of club histories. The student of the game, old and young, will welcome this latest addition and it is pleasant indeed to come across a book written with such attention to both style and detail. Everton, Liverpool and Tranmere feature prominently, but less obvious avenues are also touched upon.

Whether or not the terrace fanatic will appreciate this story for what it is must be open to some doubt; but for those with a serious, intelligent turn of mind, a true understanding of the game and a genuine wish to trace back the years which led up to Everton's championship success and Liverpool's distinguished return to top company last season, *Football on Merseyside* is in the "must read" category.

Illustrates

THE TOPICAL TIMES FOOTBALL BOOK (D. C. Thomson, 9s. 6d.) has established a reputation over the years that it somehow succeeds in keeping each year. The 1963-64 edition is no exception and amply illustrates the secret of its success. It is partly juvenile in an adult way and partly adult in a juvenile way and this is a blend with universal appeal. Colour pictures, personality articles and features are packed into its 128 pages and the presentation as always is first rate. It's the cheapest—and the best.

SOME OF THE 1963 SOCCER BOOKS ...

THE GENTLE GIANT by John Charles (Stanley Paul, 15s.). FOR WOLVES AND ENGLAND by Ron Flowers (Stanley Paul, 15s.). THE FINAL WHISTLE by Arthur Ellis (Stanley Paul, 21s.).

WORLD CUP '62 by Donald Saunders (Heinemann, 25s.). THE BRAZIL BOOK OF FOOTBALL edited by Stratton Smith (Souvenir Press, 15s.). MY FIGHT FOR FOOTBALL by Bob Lord (Stanley Paul, 16s.).

SPORTS QUIZ BOOK (George Godwin, 2s. 6d.). THE RISE OF GERRY LOGAN by Brian Glanville (Secker & Warburg, 18s.). INTERNATIONAL FOOTBALL BOOK No. 5 by Stratton Smith and Ernest Hecht (Souvenir Press, 15s.).

JUSUFI (Yugoslavia).

SPURS GO MARCHING ON by Ralph Finn (Robert Hale, 15s.). LIVING FOR KICKS by Denis Law (Stanley Paul, 15s.). SOCCER FOR SCHOOLBOYS by Johnny Haynes (Pelham Books, 15s.).

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AROUND THE WORLD STORIES

● Continued from page 34

side and is said to be keen to return to Lisbon. Biggest story of the moment, however, is a new bribe-tale after the Sportklub–Wacker match. The new angle being that the managers agreed to "bend" the result—Sportklub boss Herr Kirpel offering 25,000 Austrian schillings to Wacker boss Hoenig—if Sportklub won. Both managers have been suspended pending an OFB enquiry.

ITALY

SURPRISE team of the new campaign is Lanerossi Vicenza who've stayed among the top three for weeks, despite their lack of funds and big names. Centre-half Cervato (formerly with Fiorentina), set a new record in the game against his old club, completing 445 league appearances. Thirty-five years old, Cervato often played alongside Boniperti (Juventus), holder of previous best figures in the national side.

Beaten 2-0 in Moscow the F.A. suspended outside-left Pascutti (sent off)—barring him from representative games for three months. Also suspended (for two league games) is Brazilian star Amarildo, now with AC Milan.

Juventus have settled their internal troubles by sacking their coach Paulo Amaral. After many rows with ex-player turned Director Gianpiero Boniperti, Amarel goes home to Brazil, and is replaced by Eraldo Monzeglio, previously with Second Division Napoli. Less fortunate are AS Roma, the free spending club who have four international centre-forwards, Manfredini and Angelillo (both from Argentina); Sormani (Brazil) and Schutz (West Germany). Their problem is to fit all four into their attack, but no one will play on the right wing. The last to be named for outside-right was Manfredini, who refused to play at all and was fined 300,000 lire (£200).

BRAZIL

SHOCK team of the year are Bangu, leaders of the Rio de Janeiro league, who have taken three points from Botafogo, and nearing the end of the campaign have also beaten Flamengo, Vasco da Gama and America. The only well-known Bangu player—right-half Zozimo. Man behind the club's success is new manager Tim—Brazilian star of the 'thirties—hailed as a miracle worker, because Bangu have never before topped the league. Only one title has ever gone their way—the New York summer league in its first year.

In Sao Paulo, too, it's a season of upsets. Santos have been pushed down into third place, and the State league have been put under pressure to "suspend" the club from the league after unsporting incidents during matches. Pelé, too, is off his pedestal—Sao Paulo Footballer of the Year trophy going to Sao Paulo F.C.'s Ademir, while Silva (Corinthians) tops the scorers' list with 19 goals (four more than Pelé).

Botafogo have captured Gerson from Flamengo after pursuing him for two years. Still only 22, Gerson cost a £90,000 fee, which is the highest ever paid by a Brazilian club. The CBD now have to settle a Gerson–Flam–Botafogo argument—which club gives the player his 10%.

RUSSIA

IN Tarragona for the UEFA meeting, Russian F.A. President Valentin Granatkin again promised that "next season" the Russian champions will take part in the European Cup. If they do come in, it's almost certain to be Moscow Dynamo back on top again after slipping behind with their fixtures while playing in Italy. With at least one game in hand on all their challengers, Dynamo are three points up on the field.

PORTUGAL

DESPITE the success of players from the colonies still technically "Portuguese" Brazil's stake in Lisbon remains as strong as ever. Sporting, who were hoping to sign Nei from Corinthians, couldn't raise enough cash, but have reinforced their Brazilian imports to seven, including ex-Espanol star Indio. Porto, too, have four Brazilians and all told there are 19 in the first division.

In addition to their seven players Sporting also have a Brazilian boss—Gentil Cardoso, who has now been joined by one of his former players, Carlos Bauer—one of Brazil's half-backs in the 1954 World Cup and the new manager of Leixoes. Though Benfica have no foreigners at all, their chief, Lajos Czeizler, has plenty of headaches deciding who to leave out from his group of 17 big names.

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Some International League Tables and Results

OCTOBER 2
INTER-LEAGUE MATCH

Irish League (0) 2 (Bailham, Whelan)
Football League (1) 1 (Byrne)

Irish League: D'Arcy; Keogh, Browne (W.); Roberts, Strachan, Fullam; Fitzgerald, Mooney, Bailham, Whelan, O'Connell.

Football League: Waiters; Armfield, Wilson; Milne, Moore, Peters, Callaghan, Hunt, Byrne, Melia, O'Grady.

OCTOBER 6

Yugoslavia (2) 2 (Skoblar, Samardzic)
Hungary (0) 0

Yugoslavia: Soskic; Fajdiagic, Radakovic; Vasovic, Jusufi, Perusic; Samardzic, Zambata, Kovacevic (Melic), Sekularac, Skoblar.

Hungary: Szentmihalyi; Sovary, Sarosi; Nagy, Meszoly, Nogradi; Goncos (Sandor), Machos, Albert, Tichy, Fenyvesi.

OCTOBER 12

Northern Ireland (1) 2 (Bingham, Wilson)
Scotland (0) 1 (St. John)

Northern Ireland: Gregg; Magill, Parke; Harvey, Neill, McCullough; Bingham, Humphries, Wilson, Crossan, Hill.

Scotland: Brown; Hamilton, Provan; Crerand, Ure, Mackay; Henderson, White, St. John, Gibson, Mulhall.

Wales (0) 0
England (1) 4 (Smith 2, Greaves, Charlton)

Wales: Hollins; Williams (S.); Williams (G.); Hennessey, England, Burton; Allchurch (L.), Vernon, Davies, Allchurch (I.), Jones (C.).

England: Banks; Armfield, Wilson; Milne, Norman, Moore; Paine, Greaves, Smith, Eastham, Charlton.

OCTOBER 13
EUROPEAN NATIONS CUP

Russia (2) 2 (Ponedelnik, Chislenko)
Italy (0) 0

Russia: Ouroudchadze; Doubinski, Kroutkov; Voronin, Chesternev, Korolinkov; Metreveli, Chislenko, Ponedelnik, Ivanov, Khousainov.

Italy: Negri; Maldini, Facchetti; Guarneri, Salvadore, Trapattoni; Bulgarelli, Corso, Sormani, Rivera, Pascotti.

EUROPEAN NATIONS CUP

Eire (1) 3 (Cantwell 2, 1 pen., Giles)
Austria (1) 2 (Koleznik, Floegel)

Eire: Kelly; Dunne, Traynor; Brady, Hurley, McGrath; Giles, McEvoy, Cantwell, Fogarty, Haverty.

Austria: Fraydl; Vargo, Hasenkopf; Frank, Glechner, Koller; Koleznik, Gank, Buzek, Nemec, Floegel.

OCTOBER 20
EUROPEAN NATIONS CUP

East Germany (0) 1 (Noeldner)
Hungary (1) 2 (Bene, Rakosi)

East Germany: Heinsch; Skaba, Krampe; Kaiser, Heine, Liebrecht; Nachtigall, Erler, Peter Ducke, Noeldner, Stocker.

Hungary: Szentmihalyi; Ihasz, Sarosi; Nagy, Meszoly, Solymosi; Sandor, Rakosi, Albert, Bene, Fenyvesi.

Holland (0) 1 (Keiser)
Belgium (0) 1 (Vandenberg)

Holland: Pieterszgraafland; Haak, Veldhoen; Vriens, Pronk, Van Wissen; Swart, Bennaars, Kruiver, Keiser, Petersen.

Belgium: Nicolay; Baret, Raskin; Hanon, Verbiest, Lippens; Jurion, Van Himst, Stockman, Vandenberg, Puis.

OCTOBER 23

England (0) 2 (Greaves, Paine)
F.I.F.A. (0) 1 (Law)

England: Banks; Armfield, Wilson; Milne, Norman, Moore; Paine, Greaves, Smith, Eastham, Charlton.

F.I.F.A.: Yashin (Soskic); Djalma Santos (Eyzaguirre), Schnellinger; Pluskal, Popluhar, Masopust (Baxter); Kopa (Seeler), Law, Di Stefano, Eusebio (Puskas), Gento.

OCTOBER 26
EUROPEAN NATIONS CUP

France (1) 3 (Goujon 2, Herbin)
Bulgaria (0) 1 (Jakimov)

France: Bernard; Rodzik, Michelin, Artelesa, Chorda; Herbin, Ferrier; Lech, Goujon, Douis, Buron.

Bulgaria: Naidenov II; Metodiev, Dimitrov, Jetchev, Voutsov; Velitchkov, Kitov; Abadjiev, Asparoukhov, Jakimov, Kolev.

OCTOBER 27

Hungary (2) 2 (Albert, Sandor)
Austria (0) 1 (Viehbock)

Hungary: Szentmihalyi; Matrai, Ihasz; Nagy, Meszoly, Solymosi; Sandor, Rakosi, Albert, Bene, Fenyvesi.

Austria: Fraydl; Halla, Hasenkopf; Frank, Glechner, Koller; Koleznik, Buzek, Hasil, Floegel, Fiala (Viehbock).

OCTOBER 30
EUROPEAN NATIONS' CUP

Northern Ireland (0) 0
Spain (0) 1 (Gento)

Northern Ireland: Hunter; Magill, Parke; Harvey, Neill, McCullough; Bingham, Humphries, Wilson, Crossan, Hill.

Spain: Pepin; Rivilla, Reija; Ruiz, Olivella, Zoco; Pereda, Del Sol, Zaldua, Suarez, Gento.

EUROPEAN NATIONS CUP

Holland (1) 1 (Kruiver)
Luxembourg (1) 2 (Dimmer 2)

Holland: Pieterszgraafland; Haak, Veldhoen; Van Wissen, Pronk, Bennaars; Giesen, Groot, Kruiver, Keiser, Petersen.

Luxembourg: Schmitt; Brenner, Hofstetter; Konter, Brosius, Fiedler; Jean Klein, Henri Klein, Dimmer, Schmit, Pilot.

Please Note

Matches listed on this page in the Inter-Cities Fairs and European Cup Winners Cup should be added to those results which appear on page 13 in Gordon Jeffery's European Commentary. In each case the result arrived after that section of the magazine had gone to press.

WEST GERMANY

	Pld.	Pts.
1. FC Koln	9	14
Hamburger SV	9	13
FC Schalke 04	9	12
1. FC Kaiserslautern	9	11
Borussia Dortmund	9	11
Meidericher SpV	9	11
VfB Stuttgart	9	11
Eintracht Braunschweig	9	11
SV Werder Bremen	9	9
SC Preussen Munster	9	8
TSV 1860 Munchen	9	8
Eintracht Frankfurt	9	8
1. FC Nurnberg	9	8
Hertha BSC Berlin	9	4
Karlsruher SC	9	4
1. FC Saarbrucken	9	1

HOLLAND

	Pld.	Pts.
Ajax	9	15
PSV Eindhoven	9	13
NAC	9	12
ADO	9	12
Fortuna '54	9	11
GVAV	9	11
DWS	8	10
DOS	9	10
Feijenoord	9	9
MVV	9	9
Sp. Enschede	8	7
Go Ahead	8	7
Heracles	9	6
Blauw Wit	9	6
Sparta	9	3
Volendam	9	1

BELGIUM

	Pld.	Pts.
SC Anderlecht	8	15
Beringen	8	13
Standard	8	12
Beerschot	8	11
FC Liegeois	8	11
Antwerp	8	9
FC Diest	8	8
Daring CB	8	8
FC Turnhout	8	8
CS Bruges	8	7
Berchem Sp.	8	6
Lierse SK	8	6
La Gantoise	8	4
FC Brugeois	8	4
Saint-Trond	8	4
FC Malinois	8	2

MISCELLANEOUS FRIENDLIES

Feijenoord 0 Anderlecht 2.
Linz 1 Slavia Bratislava 2.
France "B" 2 Italy "B" 2.

INTER-CITIES FAIRS CUP

OFK Belgrade 2 Juventus 1; Hertha BSC 1 Roma 3; Servette 1 Spartak Brno 2; La Gantoise 1 Cologne 1; Porto 0 Atletico Madrid 0; Sheffield Wednesday 4 DOS Utrecht 0; Lausanne 3 Hearts 2; Arsenal 2 Copenhagen 3.

WORLD CUP FOR CLUBS FINAL
(First Leg)

Milan 4 Santos 2.

EUROPEAN CUP WINNERS' CUP

Sporting 3 Atalanta 1; Odense 1 Lyon 3; Petrolul Ploesti 1 Fenerbahce 0; Dynamo Zagreb 1 Linz 0; Olympiakos 2 Zaglebie S'wiec 0; Linz 1 Dynamo Zagreb 1; Barcelona 3 Shelbourne 1; Manchester United 6 Willem II 1; Slovan Bratislava 9 Palloseura 1.

RAPPAN CUP

Odra Opole 3 Norrkoping 2; Slovnaft Bratislava 4 Modena 1; Orgryte 0 Slovan Bratislava 1; Bayern Munich 2 Rouen 3; Polonia Bytom 2 Sampdoria 0.

OLYMPIC GAMES PRELIMINARIES

Switzerland 0 Spain 1; Uganda 1 Egypt 4; Bulgaria 0 East Germany 1; Sweden 2 Hungary 2.

ALBANIA—by ROGER MACDONALD

● *Continued from page 27*

The temporary eclipse of Partizan proved a blessing in disguise, for it meant that Albania's strongest club could take part in the new Balkan Club Cup for runners-up in League competitions. The Army team were more than holding their own with an unbeaten home record when Russia called a halt to the tournament, and they thrashed the Rumanian Champions, Petrolui Ploesti, 5-0 in a friendly at Tirana for good measure.

Albania cocked a final snoot at Moscow by entering the European Cup in 1962-63, with Partizan, once again reigning Champions, as their representatives. They lost 2-0 away to Norrkoping after holding the technically-superior Swedes for almost an hour, and were hopeful of reversing the result in the home leg. However, the Swedish League leaders quickly went further ahead, and the game deteriorated into a brawl in which the Albanians could only scramble one goal through Pano in reply. The crowd, equally partizan, did not like to see their favourites eliminated at this stage, and they showed their disappointment by littering the pitch with an assortment of missiles.

Albania had little chance of progressing further in the European Nations' Cup, despite her walk-over at the expense of Greece—the two countries have theoretically been at war since 1912! Denmark proved just too strong in the second round, gaining a decisive 4-0 victory in the First Leg at Copenhagen on 29th June. However one player, left-footed Shilaku, showed remarkable talent in view of his limited experience in internationals.

Shilaku was one of seven Partizan players selected for this match, but injuries to Kraja and top-scorer Hashari reduced their contribution to five. Goalkeeper Malicati, full-back Deliallisi, right-half Frasheri and centre-forward Pano were the others. The Albanian team-manager Bonici apparently brought fifteen footballers with him to Copenhagen, each with a personal "bodyguard"—but there were no dramatic defections either on or off the field of play.

Once again Partizan took part in the European Cup, and succeeded in beating the unknown Bulgarian Champions, Plovdiv, by one goal to nil at Tirana. However Plovdiv quickly redressed the balance in the return match on October 2, and went on to win 3-2 on aggregate, so ending Albania's interest in current European competitions.

* European International Football.
† The Albanian People's Republic Cultural and Sports Committee.

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